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steps must all be in exact accordance with prescription, otherwise misfortune would attack the performer or, perhaps, the whole community. 796x 781

Quite different was the plan of the power ceremonies. Here were no hereditary officials and no calendric round. Ceremonies were left to the initiative of the individual, and it was not even necessary for the community to be present. Nor did it benefit, except indirectly. The occasion for these ceremonies was a vision, but not one of the average sort, which might occur without effort on the dreamer's part.[14] Power ceremonies were a form of initiation, held after a man had been in close and dangerous contact with the supernatural. Three acts could bring about such a contact: killing an enemy, killing an eagle, or fetching salt from the ocean. They were in the nature of a purification and an initiation, validating a power received through ordeal. This ordeal was not a useless self-torture; it was an act of practical benefit to the community.

Having performed one of the ritual acts, a man had ranged himself on the side of the supernatural. But the power which now flowed through him was equally potent for good or for evil, and he must go through a period of purification lest it destroy him. This purification was truly an ordeal, involving the usual fast of the Southwest—abstention from meat, grease, and salt, and also sexual continence—the use of a stick for touching the head, avoidance of the sun and of fire, and a purifying cold bath. But these rigors were not endured in order to draw pity from the supernatural. Papago religious practices contain no element of humility or supplication; it was the expression of a democratic community in which groveling before superiors was an unknown concept. The neophyte was considered to have obtained supernatural power already, and the purpose of his ordeal was to tame it for his use. 796x 783● 781

Until this had been done he was dangerous, both to himself and to others. He and the fetish he had acquired—scalp, sea shells, or eagle feathers—were avoided by all. So close was the family tie thought to be that his wife, his children, and all their relatives must 796x 784 781

[14] See Underhill, 1939, pp. 167–74.

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monial clown of this occasion, is said to have taught the Papago 782
to summon him at other times by placing corn meal in his hand. 243
They invite all workers for the festival in this way, and, moreover, special officials make a corn meal "road" for the dancers in the Pueblo manner. Officials also sprinkle corn meal on all who enter the ceremonial enclosure, and at least once on all the inhabitants of every participating village. Corn meal is also used on other occasions. Holding a pinch of it in the hand is the method for summoning the shaman and the curing singer, and it is strewn on the ocean by the salt pilgrims.

## PURIFICATION

All who took part in a ceremony, or at least the important offi- 783
ciants, observed continence, fasted, and finally took a cold bath to 783
remove the supernatural influence. Cold water was the accepted Papago method of purification. It was obtained by allowing water to stand in the wind in a porous jar, thus being cooled by evaporation. A burdensome duty of the women folk belonging to any ceremonialist was the fetching of fresh water and making a new porous jar.

Fasting was raised by the Papago to extreme importance. During 783
food ceremonies the officiants abstained from meat, grease, and salt 785
in the Pueblo manner, but the power ceremonies demanded self-denial amounting almost to starvation. One may conjecture that these Spartan measures required as much endurance as did the running demanded of visionaries. They served the practical purpose of fitting a youth for the rigorous life of a desert hunter and warrior. Women also fasted and ran, though to a lesser degree. It would seem that the Desert People, in whose lives food and running were recurrent necessities, had elevated these prosaic needs to ceremonial virtues.

Blowing tobacco smoke upon someone was a milder form of 783
purification. It was used by the shaman to cure illness and also by 876
those who purified a man who had been in contact with supernatural power. In the old rituals blowing tobacco smoke is a form of prayer which placed a man in contact with the supernatural.

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*An Apache speaks.*

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23. Gila fields lie stretched out yonder.
Eager to see them,
Softly I crept thither,
This my feather headdress shaking.

*A Papago speaks, of the Apache.*

24. Plumed Mountain stands afar;
Toward it I crept;
A feather headdress
Was shaking.(26)

25. Kill the Apache; kill the Apache!
Dry the skin; dry the skin!
Soften it; soften it!
I am happy with it
A-a a-ah!
But there are still Apaches left.(9) [13]

727 The last song is used also for the dance around the pole.

After the war dance came the ceremony of purification, described below. Next morning the visitors might perform the visiting dance, or they might contest with the home village at racing or kickball. Sometimes the festivities lasted several days and large [525] amounts of property changed hands during the betting.

## WARRIOR'S PURIFICATION [14]

726 ● 723 The taking of a scalp or a trophy was the ritual act which brought a man into contact with the supernatural. The mere shooting of an enemy, without touching him, did not have this effect, and a man who was willing to fight, but shunned the ordeal of purification, might hand over his privileges and duties as an enemy slayer to a comrade. The leader sometimes instructed his men before starting: "If you wish to become an enemy slayer, you will take a scalp; but if not, do not touch the Apache scalps

[13] A similar Pima song is quoted by Russell, p. 335. Other victory songs on pp. 337–38.

[14] Russell (pp. 204–5) describes a very strenuous purification among the Pima, but gives no speeches for it. In his account the warrior and his guardian wander about for sixteen days instead of sitting and waiting for a vision. [171]

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or Apache property." Because power was so highly valued, there are recorded few men who refused the opportunity.

The word "scalp" has been used for convenience, but more often it was merely a lock of hair quickly wrenched off. Four hairs, two from each temple, were said to be sufficient, and the twists of hair the writer saw were a foot long and of finger thickness. The warrior who had taken such a trophy became instantly at the mercy of supernatural power. If he continued to fight, he would have no strength and would probably be killed; so he retired from the skirmish and painted his face black, the color it would wear during purification.

The leader kept track of his men, and when he saw that several had retired from the conflict, he called a retreat. The enemy slayers, from the moment of their act, became taboo to their comrades and must stay together at a distance from the others, their blackened faces giving the warning. An old man of the party, who had himself been an enemy slayer, was appointed to take charge of them. This man was addressed by the title *"nyi ókta"* (the one who is made my father). He called his charge "my younger sister's son."

Every act which this ceremonial godfather performed for his charges was surrounded with ritual, which he must have learned by heart during his own purification. The speeches he made usually described some supernatural experience attributed to the younger warrior. The latter was now expected to have visions in which he would undergo such experiences, and the recitals he heard must have served many an unimaginative young man as a pattern.

The guardian first tied up the men's hair, since they themselves were not allowed to touch their heads.

### *ENEMY SLAYER SPEECHES*

#### ON TYING THE ENEMY SLAYER'S HAIR

1. Am not I, even I, your guardian?
And I tell you Something.

It seems that at the east there lives a great yellow buzzard,
A great shaman.

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727 Surely he is your guardian, and, arriving from there,
783 He reveals Something to you.
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But now you were acknowledged [an enemy slayer].
You made your request to him and wept.
Then he picked you up, and far he threw you.
You fell half dead; you awoke; you came to yourself.

To the west then did you turn and look.
There hang powerful birds
In all directions, their great wings flapping.
Between those wings you rushed out on the right-hand side.
Toward the ocean hang powerful birds,
In all directions their great wings flapping.
Between those wings you rushed out on the right-hand side.
Toward the east hang powerful birds,
In all directions their great wings flapping,
Between those wings you rushed out on the right-hand side.
Toward the north hang powerful birds,
In all directions their great wings flapping.
Between those wings you rushed out on the right-hand side.

It was a twisting wind.
With it I knotted your hair at the back of your neck,
Twisting it as the wind twists.
With the remainder I tied it, handling you roughly.

Verily who desires this [experience?]
Do not you desire it?
Then must you endure many hardships.(7)

Next the guardian thrust into each man's hair a scratching stick, which in some villages was used for the whole of the ensuing sixteen days. In some, it was renewed at the end of every four days.

ON PLACING SCRATCHING STICK IN THE ENEMY SLAYER'S HAIR

2. Verily am not I your guardian?
And I tell you Something.

To the west you turned and saw
Great wingless birds.
Surely they are your guardians;
Thence they come and reveal to you Something.

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Their sharp feathers they pulled out;
They bent them into an arch, and toward the east they threw them.
Then came great darkness, glorious dizziness, and glorious drunkenness.
Therewith gloriously I knot your hair at the back of your neck,
And a sharp stick now I thrust into it.(7)

The guardian and his charges then started home, keeping some distance behind the war party, so as not to contaminate them. In the speech made on starting the guardian referred to the war party as beasts and birds, since they had these creatures as guardian spirits. His account of their camping is a symbolic mention of the four rainhouses in the four directions, since a successful war party brought rain. The mention of butterflies and the whirlwind has the same implication. Finally he mentioned the tree under which the warrior would sit during his period of segregation.

ON STARTING HOME WITH THE ENEMY SLAYERS

3. Ready!
Already they have gone, the great flying birds
And the beasts that run upon the earth.
They have returned upon their trail.

They camped first upon a white rock;
Then they camped upon a red rock;
Then they camped upon a black rock;
Then they camped upon a yellow rock;
Then, halting four times, they looked about them.
All kinds of butterflies and birds they saw beside the trail.

As they were going,
From above a whirlwind followed them, madly twisting.
It was the thing which they desired to see.
For this they came.

There is a tree standing alone,
Casting a cool shadow.
Under it you will seat yourself.
Your child must not come near and look upon you;
Your wife must not come near and look upon you.

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Verily who desires this?
Do not you desire it?
Then must you endure many hardships.(7)

A herald had already shouted the names of the enemy slayers as the party approached the village. Each man had chosen a guardian who would instruct him for the coming sixteen days and whose wife would take charge of the wife of the enemy slayer. As soon as the names were heard, the women guardians went to the homes of their young charges and escorted them to some point away from the house, where they built a shelter of boughs.

The enemy slayer was met outside the town by his selected guardian and led to a place at some distance from the village. Sometimes a little shelter of boughs was erected, or he might merely sit under a tree. In some villages he changed his location every four days, advancing gradually nearer to the village. The guardian, on establishing him in the shelter, addressed him.

ON ESTABLISHING THE ENEMY SLAYER IN HIS SHELTER

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4. You did rush forth.
Four times you halted, yonder; lo, you saw
Two branches arched together.
Before them hung an unpainted shield, circling in the wind.
Within hung a loud-striking club,
Whose sound echoed within you.
Two nights you passed there, and then you came forth;
Four times you halted, and yonder, lo, you saw
Three branches arched together.
Before them hung an unpainted shield, circling in the wind.
Within hung a loud-striking club,
Whose sound echoed within you.

Three nights you passed there, and then you came forth.
Four times you halted, and yonder, lo, you saw
Before you stood a green-leaved tree.
Four times you halted, and yonder, lo, you saw
Above you stood the talking tree.
Under it stood a reed cigarette, burning by itself.
You put it to your lips
And upon the west-sloping land you breathed out.

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There stood a low-hanging white-leaved tree. 727
Four times you stopped, and yonder, lo, you saw 783
A solitary tree stand, dripping shadow. 539*
Under it you will seat yourself.
No child shall come near and look upon you;
No woman shall come near and look upon you.
Thus must it be with you.

Verily, who desires this experience?
Do not you desire it?
Then must you endure its many hardships.(7)

There began for the enemy slayer a period more rigorous than 727
any on the warpath. He was expected to sleep very little and not 783
to talk except to his guardian. The latter visited him at morning and at evening, bringing a little pinole, which he mixed and handed to him. If the slayer wished to show real fortitude, he would let the mixture settle, drink the thin solution on top and throw the rest away. He drank water only when the guardian presented it to him.

ON PRESENTING THE ENEMY SLAYER WITH A CUP OF WATER[18] 727
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5. Within my bowl there lies
Dazzling dizziness,
Bubbling drunkenness.

There are great whirlwinds inverted above us:
A great hawk heart,
A great bear heart,
A great twisting wind.
All these have gathered here
And lie within my bowl.

Now you will drink it.(7)

The cup which the enemy slayer used was made new for him 727
by the wife of his guardian. In some parts of the reservation it 783
was thrown away at the end of four days, and a new one was provided, the slayer thus sloughing off some of his impurities. On the same principle, he bathed every four days, washed the black

[18] Though Russell gives no speeches for purification, his first song on p. 325 repeats the material of this speech.

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off his face, and then renewed it. The bath must be in cold water, which is always a ritual requirement. It was the duty of the guardian's wife to make water jars both for the slayer and the slayer's wife. These were never used again, but were discarded in the desert, sometimes with a hole through the bottom for ceremonial "killing." There was a ritual recitation used at the bathing, which has been lost.

The time for raids was usually in winter, so that the enemy slayer sometimes had a small fire in his shelter. The guardian brought him wood and lighted it, since the slayer himself must not kindle fire. The guardian said in leaving: "Here is firewood. If you are cold, help yourself." But he carefully noted how the embers lay, and when he returned, if he saw the fire had been stoked, he concluded his man lacked bravery.

The guardian often spent half the night with his charge, teaching him the war rituals and telling of his own visions. The recitations thus learned could be used to cure those who had been made ill by the scalps, as could any song dreamed by the warrior at this time. Two songs dreamed by the father of one informant are quoted. The dreamer had clubbed an old Apache woman to death.

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6. I knew not what to do;
I knew not what to do;
I knew not what to do.
Then I knew.

Something I knew, I knew.
Clearly I knew.
I killed an old Apache woman;
She was crying.
From all directions light is shining.(26)

Though the warrior at this time was isolated from his family, the power which had touched him was thought to extend to them also. All expected to share to some extent in the good fortune which would accrue to him once his fetish was tamed, and all were menaced until he had it under control. Theoretically, the people so affected were all his kin, through his father, his mother,

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and his wife. Practically, there was a geographic distinction. Those who lived in the village with him and shared his economic interests bathed whenever he did, though they did not fast or segregate themselves. Anyone who might be visiting for the occasion did the same, but those at a distance felt "the power would not reach so far." For the children, the bath need not even be cold, for the Papago were very lenient in their ceremonial requirements for "those not old enough to understand." However, all must observe a quiet demeanor, talk in low tones, and go out of the house as little as possible.

The one exception to these rules was the warrior's wife. Whether she were in the village or not, her tie with her husband was considered so close that she needed the same purification as he did. Her ordeal, however, was merely for cleansing, not for power, and the extremest rigors were spared her. She was segregated in her hut; she fasted from meat, grease, and salt; she did not look at the sun or make her own fire, but she need not thirst, starve, or suffer cold. Also, she did not receive instruction, nor was she expected to dream. Her husband's dreams furnished the power for all.

The weapons, having touched the enemy, shared the warrior's contamination and were kept beside him during the whole of his seclusion, to be purified when he himself was purified. His scalp or trophy, which had hung on the pole, was removed by his guardian, or some other enemy slayer who dared to touch it, and specially prepared for use as a fetish. It might merely be decorated with beads, or it might be made into the effigy of an Apache, dressed in buckskin, with feather headdress. A woman skilled in making the old-time plaited baskets prepared one of the proper size to receive it. On the day before the victory dance, according to some(9), a man had been sent to the dance ground to note the exact place where the rays of the rising sun struck. In this spot, next morning, the trophy would be placed. On this day the enemy slayer neither ate nor drank, so that there would be no physical cause for him to leave the dance ground the following night.

This was the night of the victory dance, called *wiirita* (the tying up), referring to the tying of the scalp basket. That evening,

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when the dance around the pole was over, the enemy slayers and their wives were escorted to a place at the east of the fire and at some distance from it, since fire was one of their taboos. Depressions were made in the ground for them to sit in, and these were lined with skins. Two stakes were placed behind them as a backrest, since they were expected to sit upright all night without moving.

When they were seated, the war dancers helped themselves to the enemy slayers' weapons and purified them by the dramatic war dance described in the preceding chapter. Some time after midnight came the warriors' own purification.

Two shamans were sometimes called to lead the ceremony, and each sang one song four times.

SHAMAN SONG BEFORE PURIFICATION

7. A little red snake
Lies at the edge of the flat land.
Around the war club it is coiled.

A little black snake
Lies at the edge of the mountains.
Around the shield it is coiled.(9)

After this, each of the old enemy slayers sang two songs, each one four times. These songs, called *kúmmuta* (smoking over), were dreamed by enemy slayers during their period of purification. They were not songs from I'itoi's campaign: "Those were too powerful." As a consequence, the songs are not in series and may refer to anything dreamed by the composer. They should, nevertheless, be in pairs, each pair sung through four times. Informants who had forgotten one of a pair sometimes substituted any other song, even if not a war song, so that the form of repetition would be correct.

WARRIOR'S PURIFICATION SONGS, FIRST SERIES(9)

8. The eagle shield
Lies yonder far;
A green rainbow
Beside it lies.

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A soft rumbling like thunder
Shakes the mountains.

The hawk club
Lies yonder near;
A rosy rainbow
Beside it lies.
A soft rumbling like lightning
Shakes the flat land.

9. A little red puma
Was sitting still.
He laid hold on the darkness,
And toward the west he laid it down,
The zigzag lightning.

10. The sun is rising;
Beside it lies a bow.
On either side, a puma cub,
Light red.

11. What field is that
Where I hear talking?
Great darkness is coming from there.
Nearby it met me,
And here and there it tossed me.

WARRIOR'S PURIFICATION, SECOND SERIES(19)

12. Toward the north a man is shouting.
Toward the north a man is shouting.
The nearby fields and the mountains
Reverberate.

*The corpse of an Apache speaks.*

13. From above, over me,
Birds are descending.
Over me birds are fluttering.

14. Under a reddish rainbow
I am sitting.
Under a greenish rainbow
I am standing.

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15. My cigarette smoke
Covers Tecolote fields.
For, toward them my enemy is coming,
Spreading light.

16. The light of my cigarette,
The light of my cigarette
Covers Komatk Mountain.
Toward it I hasten;
Morning is appearing.

*The returning warrior pictures his home.*

17. At the bottom of the field of little ponds
The ground is very smooth;
At the bottom, there, it is shining.

18. Coyote, our comrade,
Yonder stood, far away.
A shield beside him he saw;
It seemed good.
He kept looking at it.[16]

19. Little Coyote
Came here.
He made my heart a dizziness.
Little scalp men
Were touching me all over.

20. Little Coyote
Stood yonder, nearby,
He yelped.
It was good to hear.

21. Coyote, my comrade,
Came here.
Here, around me circling,
Four times he yelped.
The darkness shuddered.

[16] Russell (p. 336), quotes a "tie" song or *woluta* (Papago, *wurita*) similar to Nos. 18–21, above. It may be a relic of a lost *wurita* ceremony.

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*Modern song, dreamed during Apache wars, referring to the bow of a dead warrior.*

22. Distant Arrow Feather Mountain
Lies stretched out,
In shape like the vanes of an arrow.
Upon it lies a bow
Broken in pieces.

The iron bow [a gun] thunders;
The iron bow thunders.
Within Catalina Mountain
It thunders.

Since the means for the conveyance of power was contact with the enemy, men wounded by him must purify and dream just like the enemy slayers. Even a wounded woman was eligible, and a very popular set of songs was composed by a woman shot by an Apache prowler. She was secluded and purified like an enemy slayer, with the wife of a slayer as guardian, and afterward she took her place at purifications with the men singers.

SONGS BY A WOUNDED WOMAN(19)

*At sunset, when camping, she hears Apaches signaling.*

23. "I sit on dizzy ground
Behind Reed Mountain.
The sun is setting;
In sorrow it is setting."

*The Apache speaks.*

24. I was circling around
Circling around [the village of] Field Pond.
With my bow I was circling around.

*The woman sings this as she faints.*

25. Nawoka Mountain
Stands alone;
Under it my heart feels, indeed,
Like that of a woman.
My heart is leaving me.

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*The wounded woman sings in delirium.*

727 783 539 26. A black bear came;
He touched me all over.
Above me he wrung out the morning
[Like a cloth].

*She refers to her dress, which two Apaches stole and took away as a trophy down behind Baboquiviri.*

27. Behind the distant range of Baboquiviri,
Where flowers grow,
They took me.

28. The women gossip about me
They gossip about me.
They do not know that this, my heart,
Within me is dizzy,
[As though] full of water.

727 783 [539] When two singers had sung two songs each, they were given by the master of ceremonies two roots to chew, according to the moieties to which the enemy slayers belonged. For the Coyote moiety they chewed "scented grass" (unidentified); for the Buzzard moiety, *Houttynia californica*. Their breath scented with the herb, they blew smoke over the enemy slayers. Then they called them by the kinship term, and each wished for the new "ripe man" the same luck in war, hunting, or gambling that he himself had had.

TO WARRIOR AT VICTORY DANCE(19)

727 783 539 29. [Kin term].
Hail friend! You will be like me. Thus you will do.
You will never fear darkness or thirst or cold or hunger when you encounter them.

One speech was recorded as spoken by the guardian at this time as the last of his series of speeches.

ON SMOKING OVER THE ENEMY SLAYERS AFTER THE VICTORY DANCE[17]

30. Thus did I wreak ill on my enemy by many devices,
Did cause him, as he fought, to become like a ghost and to fall asleep:

[17] Compare the Pima speech, Russell, pp. 363-65.

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Thus did I wreak ill on my enemy.
Thus did I wreak ill on my enemy.
Those of his kind with whom he went about and talked.
I did cause him to hate.
Becoming like a ghost; falling asleep.

Thus did I wreak ill on my enemy:
The child whom he caressed, I did cause him to hate.
The wife with whom he lay, I did cause him to hate.
Becoming like a ghost, falling asleep.
Verily it was this that I desired.

From the east did I cause to come
A white charm of forgetfulness,
And beside his accustomed haunts I set it.
From the north did I cause to come
A red charm of forgetfulness,
And beside his accustomed haunts I set it.
From the west did I cause to come
A black charm of forgetfulness,
And beside his accustomed haunts I set it.
From the ocean did I cause to come
A painful charm of forgetfulness,
And beside his accustomed haunts I set it.

Then, thus I did:
Some of his belongings I took,
And high above me did I throw them.

From the east, then, white blasts rushed.
From the west, then, black blasts rushed.
From both sides, rushing together, they lashed one another.
Beneath the rain I went snatching;
I seized my women [who had been captured],
I seized my children;
Nor was it hard to do.
Then hither I came to this my land.
I trod upon it and stood firm;
I sat upon it and sat still.

Thus perchance should all of you think and desire,
All you my kinsmen.(7)

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727 This readmission of the purified warrior into the fellowship of
● 773 kin lasted until almost dawn. Then the Apache effigy was brought and held up by the guardian or the shaman to catch the rays of the rising sun, in order to catch an enemy soul to animate the effigy. All Apache souls, alive and dead, are in the sun, and all are seeking an abode. The dead souls fly low; the live ones, high. The shaman recognized them as they came and moved the effigy up and down so as to avoid the dead ones and entrap a live one This done, he tied up the basket (9).[18]

[184] A long speech was recorded as being made at this time, the
727 northern Papago attributing it to the guardian; the southern, to
783 the shaman. It has the same effect of patching noted in one of the
539 warpath speeches and seems to represent fragments of at least three compositions. The sonorous beginning from the origin myth may once have continued to an account of the first purification. As recited, it launches suddenly into a description of the Apache. Then comes a portion whose repetitions have the style of some standard ritual and which seems to refer to the dreams of a warrior undergoing purification. This also breaks off and gives way to a vivid and colloquial account of tracking the enemy. In typical Papago fashion the actual killing is pushed into one brutal last sentence.

SPEECH OF SHAMAN OVER TROPHY

783 31. Who was it who did thus?
727 He spread the earth and finished it.
x 539 I'itoi, the shaman, did thus:
He spread the earth and finished it.
Upon it stones he set and finished.
Upon it trees he erected and finished.
Upon it mountains he erected and finished.
Springs of water he poured out and finished.

[18] This information came from a war shaman who had himself performed the ritual. He was confused about the detail of catching enemy souls and changed his statements about live and dead souls several times before deciding on the correct version. It seems possible to the writer that the soul catching may be a recent interpretation and that the parallel of this ceremony might be looked for in Mexican rituals where captive enemies were sacrificed to the sun.

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*I'itoi speaks.*

Upon it I sent forth my people
That they might look and go about,
Thus did I:

I moved them yonder, to the foot of the west.
Then rose a bitter wind, thence coming.
The trees uprooting, it threw about.
The rocks it threw about.
Therewith it killed my people.

In that direction going,
There, at the foot of the south,
I established them.
The earth was all laid bare.
Nowhere a tree stood.
Nowhere a mountain stood.

*The Apache speaks.*

Then, on it I came forth.
In white moccasins
I came forth.
With my face crookedly painted
I came forth.
With a headband under my forehead
I came forth.
With my hair tied in a war knot
I came forth.
With bloody wristguard
I came forth.
With all kinds of winds
I came forth.
With all kinds of clouds
I came forth.

*The warrior under purification speaks.*

It was well with the land.
I looked upon it and across it thus did go.
Upon my narrow field (the place of purification)
I reached my guardian.
Thus did he say:

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"My nephew,
Now I come close to you.
The people fear you.
Not near will they approach.
They will not look."
'Twas thus he said.
"Not this the land,"
He told me.
"Not here the road,"
He told me.

Here follows a symbolic description of Apache country.

Then, I, seeing,
Across [the land] thus did go.
Beneath a high two-pointed mountain
Water lies.
There sounds the chirping
Of all kinds of birds
And of scalps [in fetish baskets].
There a cold wind blows.
In that land, quickly arriving,
I reached my guardian.
Thus he said:

"My nephew,
Now I come close to you.
The people fear you.
Not near will they approach.
They will not look."
'Twas thus he said.
"Not this the land,"
He told me.
"Not here the road,"
He told me.

Then I, seeing,
Across [the land] thus did go.
Yonder three poles
Stood interlocked.
Within, a fine tree stood.
From it a fine male hawk

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Hung downward.
From the end of his tail
Blood was dripping.
That I liked to see.

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The last lines describe an Apache tipi, with dead Apache or an omen of one.

Far yonder, beside the rising sun,
A house stood—
Red, with a domed roof;
There young women sat,
With headdresses of macaw feathers,
With headdresses of hawk feathers.
That I much liked to see.

From above, toward me,
A path was made.
On it I set my foot.
Up to the sky I came.
Many things happened there.
In there are many skins rolled up [Apache property],
And meat tied up in bundles,
And sinew tied in bundles,
And deer tails hanging.
From the tail ends blood was dripping.
That I much liked to see.

From above, behind me, there sounded,
The great blue fly, my pet.
Thus he said:
"What ails you? What are you doing,
Wandering thus?"
"They [the enemy] have spoiled our 'green weeds' (colloquial name for women),
And ran away laughing in many voices."

Then did I return,
I trailed their footprints and found two of their villagers.
The ground was soft [and held footprints]
Thus they said:
"I have seen nothing happening.
All day they [the warriors] have been here."

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[I said],
"I did not lose the trail,
I followed them straight.
And here the ground is soft.
Four times I circled round,
And I came back.
It must be here.
Come, admit it!
I will treat you as I would them."

Then I pulled out the club, hung to my belt.
With that I hammered them.
I finished them.(7 and 9)

727 As soon as the sunrays had struck the basket, its holder re-
783 placed the cover and handed the whole to the enemy slayer. It was now possible for him to touch this dangerous object, and he took it in his arms and addressed it as: "my child!" His wife called it by the name a woman uses to her children, and each of his children in turn called it "younger brother."

778 The warrior might now take it home. He kept it wrapped in
727 many layers of buckskin or in a jar, often not in the house "because of the danger of its power," but in a crevice in the rocks some miles away. The enemy slayer must visit it regularly, must supply it with offerings of eagle down, tobacco, deer tails, if he were a hunter, and sometimes with food. He must speak to it affectionately, reciting the ritual over it. This treatment made the trophy his servant and added the dead Apache's power to his own, but if he were lax in his attentions, he and his whole family would be open to misfortune.

He could, now, touch a dead enemy or an enemy's possessions without fear. The songs he had dreamed, or learned from his guardian during purification, could be used to purify other warriors, and he would be compensated with tobacco and food. He would expect to sit in the council, to have the right to speak, and to be generally regarded as a "ripe man."

½ [Basket containing a scalp or other war trophy.- Ed.]

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announce their arrival, as after a war party. The small boys came out to meet them with bull roarers,[11] which imitate the rain coming from the ocean. The old women came out in a group, begging: "Give me salt," and each man threw them gifts.

Each owned the salt which he had brought, except for two handfuls, which he must contribute to the common pile to be used for that evening's ceremonies. The rest he took to his house, where his family had spread a mat in the sun to receive it. Each member of the family took a handful, from which he breathed in to receive its power, and then the salt was dried; finally it was used or traded.

The family of each neophyte had prepared a shelter where he could pass the days of his purification, and his wife or mother made the new clay dishes which he was to use. An old man had been selected to act as his guardian. This man met him and conducted him immediately to the shelter, where he spent the day in sleep.

That night a public purification was held, for in this instance the sixteen days of retreat followed the purification ceremony instead of preceding it. Since the salt pilgrimage usually took place in summer, the ceremony was held out-of-doors. A fire was built to the east of the council house and in the intervening space was placed a pile of salt, to which each pilgrim contributed two handfuls. If the men brought tokens, such as seaweed and shells, these were ranged beside the fire and, in some villages, prayer sticks were placed with them.

At the north of the fire sat the older men who had made the pilgrimage more than four times and who needed no purification but were competent to purify others. They were the singers of the evening and were furnished with scraping sticks and basket drums. Opposite them, at the south, sat the returned neophytes while the spectators sat at the east and the shaman at the west, ouside the door of the ceremonial house.

### POSITIONS AT SALT PURIFICATION

The keeper of the smoke had charge of the ceremonies. He first passed a ceremonial cigarette around the circle to the right, each

[11] Cf. Zuni, Stevenson, 1901-2, p. 354.

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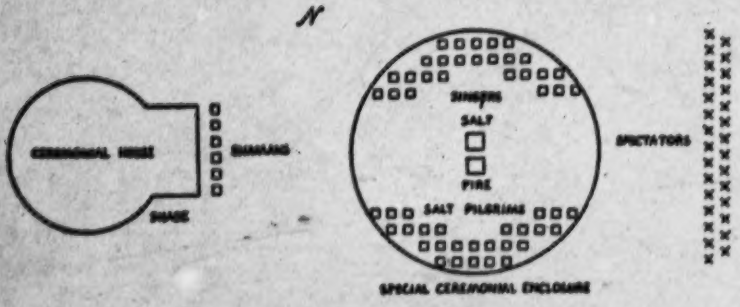
man taking four puffs, then passing it to his neighbor, who received it and called the giver by the proper kinship term. When the cigarette had passed around the whole circle, all bowed their heads,




and a purification speech was made. No one was found who knew the Santa Rosa speech. The one recited is a variation of the material used in the previous speech, The Marking.

FOR SALT PURIFICATION

(Santa Rosa)

11. The remains of a cigarette did I place upright [in the fire, to light it].
I put it to my lips,
I smoked.

To the rain house standing in the west I came.
All kinds of mist were bound up there,
And I could not (unbind them).
It was my cigarette smoke.
Circling around it, it entered and unbound them.
I tried to see him, my guardian,
But squarely turned away from me he sat.
It was my cigarette smoke.
Circling around, it turned him toward me.

Thus I spoke, to him, my guardian.
"What will happen?
Most wretched lies the earth which you have made.
The trees which you have planted, leafless stand.

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The birds you threw into the air,
They perch and do not sing.
The springs of water are gone dry.
The beasts which run upon the earth,
They make no sound."
Thus I said.
"What will befall the earth which you have made?"
Then, thus spake he, my guardian.
"Is this so difficult?
You need but gather and recite the ritual.
Then, knowing all is well,
Go to your homes."

Then back I turned.
Eastward, I saw, the land was sloping laid.
Slowly along I went.
I reached my former sleeping place and laid me down.
Thus, four days did I travel toward the east.
Then in the west a wind arose,
Well knowing whither it should blow.
Up rose a mist and towered toward the sky,
And others stood with it, their tendrils touching.
Then they moved.
Although the earth seemed very wide,
Clear to the edge of it did they go.
Although the north seemed very far,
Clear to the edge of it did they go.
Although the south seemed very far,
Clear to the edge of it did they go.
Then to the east they went, and, looking back,
They saw the earth lie beautifully moist and finished.

Then out flew Blue Jay shaman;
Soft feathers he pulled out and let them fall.
The earth was blue (with flowers).
Then out flew Yellow Finch shaman;
Soft feathers he pulled out and let them fall,
Till earth was yellow (with flowers).
Thus was it fair, our year.

Thus should you also think,
All you my kinsmen.(4)

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After the speech, scraping-stick songs were sung. These have the same introduction and ending as the songs to promote growth, and in them the salt is spoken of as corn. All the songs quoted (pp. 72–75) might be sung at this time and, conversely, the salt songs might be sung at a growing ceremony. The introductory songs are the same on both occasions. Here these are omitted, and only those songs which refer to salt are quoted from the writer's collection.

*SCRAPING-STICK SONGS FOR THE PURIFICATION OF SALT PILGRIMS*

12. *Hí hianai hu!*
Here we pour it out and sing for it [the salt].
Here we pour it out and sing for it.
We shall pour it all out and eat it.
The blue fetishes we have brought;
We pour it out and sing for it.
We shall eat it all,
*Hítcia hâhina!*

*Hí hianai hu!*
Here we pour it out and sing for it.
Here we pour it out and sing for it.
We shall pour it all out and eat it.
The yellow fetishes we have brought;
We pour it out and sing for it
We shall eat it all.
*Hítcia hâhina!*(9)

13. *Hí hianai hu!*
The blue prayer stick.
Met me there.
Beside the corn
Black [birds] in a row are singing.
The kernels are blue.
*Hítcia hâhina!*(9)

14. *Hí hianai hu!*
Blue evening
Knows all.
Then I take the blue corn kernel [a prayer stick]
And sing for it.
*Hítcia hâhina!*

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*Hí hianai hu!*
Yellow evening
Knows all.
I take the yellow corn kernel
And sing for it.
*Hítcia hahina!*(9)

15. Now I am ready to go.
The ocean wind from far off
Overtakes me.
It bends down the tassels of the corn.

The ocean wind,
From far it reaches me,
Far it blows and reaches me.
The squash leaves it has broken down.
*Hítcia hahina!*(2)

16. *Hí hianai hu!*
The ocean water hurts my heart.
Beautiful clouds bring rain upon our fields.
*Hítcia hahina!*(12)

17. *Hí hianai hu!*
The outspread water!
Running along it,
I seized the corn.
*Hítcia hahina!*

*Hí hianai hu!*
The outspread water [ocean]!
Running along it,
I seized the squash.
*Hítcia hahina!*(9)

A song is included here which was made on a recent pilgrimage, as a joke, by men wearing modern clothes. It was not sung at the purification, but is passed around privately, with much amusement. The rhythm and the refrain are correct.

18. *Hí hianai hu!*
Pink shirt!
Braid on his hat!

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[539]x

Bowlegged!
*Hítcia hdhina!*(18)

After each two songs two of the singers walked over to perform an act of purification on the neophytes. They approached each one and laid a scraping stick on his breast and back, pressing down four times. As they did this, they breathed out, while the neophyte breathed in the power being given him. Each singer then spoke to him:

19. Hail! Thus do I to you. You will be like me. You will do much. [539]x
You will go about much. You will be like me in action.(9)

Any other virtue of the singer might be augured for the neophyte. [793]

As the singers returned to their seats, one man who was a hereditary sprinkler of corn meal, rose and strewed the sacred meal made from flat-headed corn over their baskets and their scraping sticks, also over the piles of salt and of tokens. During all this performance, the shaman sat by the fire, looking into the salt and then [787]
around the village in order to perceive any sickness or evil which might be present. He had his magic crystal in his hand and used it to "give light." The songs continued until morning, when the basket of salt was carried around by one of the pilgrims and distributed to the bystanders. As each took a lump, he breathed in [788]
from it to obtain power.

BEFORE SALT IS DISTRIBUTED [539]x

20. *Hí hianai hu!*
Morning is lulled to sleep.
*Hítcia hdhina!*
Morning is lulled to sleep.
*Hítcia hdhina!*
Finely ground corn [salt]
By daylight we will give.
Morning is lulled to sleep.
*Hítcia hdhina!*(9)

After the distribution the meeting broke up.

The neophytes now passed the usual period of seclusion to make 317
safe the power they had acquired for failure to do so would bring 793
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on them and their families a disease called yellow vomit. The writer has not identified this disease, but has found it frequently mentioned by old Spanish writers as a pest of the country. The Papago say: "It comes from the smell of the ocean or the smell of the Apache. The Whites don't know that: that's why they have it so much."(9)

The length of the period of seclusion varied. At Komarik it was one month the first time, then four days.(9) At Akchin, eight days the first time, then four.(6) At Pisinimo it was sixteen days, with a move nearer the house after every four.(1) At Anegam it was four days away from the house, with diet restrictions for four days after the return.(5)

In any case, after each four-day period the neophyte was bathed by his guardian in cool water. His face was not blacked as for purification after war, but otherwise he was under the same restrictions. He was not allowed to eat meat, salt, or grease. He must not look at the sun or go near the fire. For the first day and night, until after the public purification, he was allowed no fire at all. Afterward he could have a small one, but he must fan, not blow it.(6) Every four days the dishes he had used were thrown away, each being "killed" by making a hole in the bottom, and new ones were provided by the women of the family. The women cooked for him, but on a separate fire, or a separate part of the fire, where none of the family food had been cooked. He must use the scratching stick—according to some, the same which he had brought from the ocean, according to others, a new one every four days. His wife was under no restrictions.[12]

Neophytes generally made their first pilgrimage at sixteen or seventeen, and this experience placed them within the ranks of adults. The seclusion during purification was the time when the fathers of eligible girls often approached the parents of neophytes to offer their daughters.

[12] This pilgrimage has obvious likenesses to the simpler ones made by Zuni (Stevenson, 1901–2, pp. 354–360; Acoma (White, 1929–30, p. 139); Laguna (Parsons, 1923, p. 226); Cochiti (Goldfrank, p. 9); and Hopi (Beaglehole, "Notes on Hopi Economic Life," Yale University Publications in Anthropology, No. 15, pp. 52–55). It also has many points in common with the Huichol expedition to gather *hikuli or peyote* (Lumholtz, 1900, pp. 126–236 and 268–280).

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825 The writer did not succeed in identifying the birds eligible for this ceremonial killing. Almost every variety of hawk and eagle can be seen at some time in southern Arizona, either as migrant, winter visitor, or a year-long resident. However, the usual hunting time was in summer, when those most commonly found are [34] the golden eagle (*Aquila chrysaetos*), Swainson's hawk (*Buteo Swainsoni Bonaparte*), western red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis caluris*), and zone-tailed hawk (*Buteo abbreviatus*). The Papago said that all eagles gave power but not all hawks. In general the hawk was the younger brother of the eagle, not so important, but able to fly faster. He was the guardian spirit of runners, while the eagle was sought by the would-be shaman.

223 There was no ownership of nests, and the writer heard of no trapping ritual. The method most often mentioned was to shoot an adult bird when it was heavy after having eaten and therefore unable to fly.

223 However, some of the songs speak of captive eagles, so trapping 825 may have been practiced also. The act which gave power was the final plucking of feathers from the dead body. Every one of these had its purpose: the wing feathers as shaman's divining plumes, breast feathers as offerings and means to rain magic, tail feathers for war arrows. He who had plucked them and received his feather trophy, had all the honors of a "ripe man."

223 This exploit was easier than the war party or the salt pilgrimage, 783 and the purification, too, was less strenuous. In some places it was reduced to only four days, and the relatives of the neophyte were not affected at all.(5) At present, when war has ceased, and the salt pilgrimage is performed by only a few villages, eagle killing is the chief means to supernatural power. The writer saw two houses bearing the tuft of eagle down which means that the purification of a killer is in progress.

223 The man who planned this exploit selected his guardian just as 778 other power seekers did. He also selected some sheltered spot, far from the house, where he would pass his period of purification. Having killed his bird, he did not return to the house, but signaled from a distance, and the guardian, who was watching, came out to him. The first task was to pluck the eagle. The guardian did not

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touch the feathers himself, since they were not yet purified and therefore dangerous, but he pointed with a stick to show in what order they should be pulled and laid down.

The killer stretched the eagle out on the ground and stood on its wings. First, under the guardian's direction, he pulled out the down feathers, which had special value as offerings to the supernatural and would become his own perquisite. He first took the down from under the right wing, then from the left, then from under the tail, from the back, and from inside the legs. That from under the tail, which is particularly soft, he tied to a stick, in the manner of a prayer stick. This he stuck upright in the ground beside him during the period of his seclusion, while the rest of the down was placed in a buckskin bag to await purification.

The next feathers to be plucked were the two top wing feathers, one from the right wing and one from the left. It was these top feathers, and no others, which were used as shaman's divining plumes. They had a special name, *mátcuita'k* (that which finds out). They were the perquisite of the guardian, who, if he were not a shaman himself, might keep them for trade at a high price. The plume from the right wing was laid down first, with its tip to the east, then that from the left, crossing it, with tip to the south. After them the other plumes were plucked alternately from the two wings and laid down in regular order, so that a cross was formed with wing tips pointing north, east, south, and west.[2] Above the wing feathers the tail feathers were laid, continuing the cross formation. The feathers were then covered with a mat or buckskin weighted with stone, and the killer took his place beside them for his sixteen days of purification. Until this period of quarantine was over, no one but the guardian must approach him and no one at all must touch the feathers, on pain of illness.

The details of purification differed in different localities, as they did with enemy slayers and salt pilgrims. Some villages considered this contact with the supernatural so much less important than the others that they made the retreat only four days.(5) Others, like Kaka, used a graduated form of retreat in four periods of four days each.

[2] The usual Papago circuit is counterclockwise. The informant could give no reason for the change in this case.

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223 783 days each. The first period was passed at some distance from the house, then the neophyte took a cold bath and moved nearer, until at the last period he was just outside his home.

The general rules for his behavior were the same as those for the warrior and the salt pilgrim.

223 783 787 During his seclusion the eagle killer, like the other neophytes, gained power in two ways. His guardian taught him what eagle songs he himself knew, to be used in the priestly function of purifying other eagle killers. But also the young man expected to dream. The spirit of the dead eagle would come to sit beside him and, acting as a guardian spirit, would impart to him various sorts of useful information which would help in his future career. Such information might lead in any direction, and many young men whose propensities had not yet shown themselves chose this easy form of contact with the supernatural as a means of determining their life work. The experience could be repeated until satisfactory results were obtained. Though it was not thought right to kill more than one eagle in one year, a boy might continue killing and dreaming every year until he had the power he wanted.

One man, known to the writer, killed four eagles in four successive years. During his first seclusion he dreamed directions for making a set of gaming sticks, with the assurance that he would always win. In the next two periods he dreamed a series of songs which made him especially potent as a purifier of eagle killers. It was only during his fourth period that the eagle spirit sang him songs which led to a career of shamanism. Other men, who had killed only one eagle, dreamed of success as runners, hunters, or fighters.

223 783 When the period of seclusion had passed, the guardian of the eagle killer summoned singers for the purification ceremony. In old days these were men who had themselves killed eagles and had learned the songs from their guardians, with possible additions through dreaming. In recent years, when eagle killers have been few, anyone who has managed to learn some songs is invited. The singers arrived at night and took their places in a circle, without fire. The eagle killer, if it were his first eagle, sat at the south side of the circle, with the guardian at his right. For his second eagle,

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he sat at the west, for his third at the north, and only for the fourth could he sit at the east. 223 783

The singers squatted in silence, until finally the guardian took the prayer stick from beside the eagle killer and, holding it in his hand, sang the first song. When he had finished, he passed the prayer stick over the body of the eagle killer, placing it first on his head and then stroking downward over his body. With each stroke, he blew outward, wishing for the eagle killer the same kind of success in life which he himself had had.

He then passed the prayer stick to the man at his right, and so it went counterclockwise around the circle, each man singing four songs and stroking the killer with the prayer stick. Some of the good luck auguries made at this time are quoted from an actual ceremony. 223 783 779

*By a deer hunter.*

1. Hail! Thus I do to you. Thus you will do in the future. A little way off stands a mountain. You will follow [tracks] around it; you will kill some game; you will feed yourself. Thus do I, as a good hunter, follow my game. I go forth in the morning; I kill my game; I feed myself.(16) 223 783 779 539x

*By a runner.*

2. Hail! Thus I do to you. You will be like me. I am so fast a runner that if anyone ever catches me I will give him all I have.(16)

*By a hunter.*

3. Hail! Thus I do to you. Thus you will find yourself doing. Thus I do. The flat land lies stretched out wide. I follow [tracks] across it. I walk and walk. I kill game. I eat it.(16)

When each man in the circle had sung four songs and had performed his act of purification, a cigarette was made by any man who had brought tobacco and was passed counterclockwise, each man receiving it from his neighbor with the kinship term and giving four puffs. The singing then proceeded as before. No one must sleep or go home until morning. Singers might rise and leave the circle, but the eagle killer must remain in position—upright, with legs straight before him, arms folded and head bowed. 223 783 [276] [516]

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Eagle songs which have the correct form are always in two verses, the first dealing with the eagle, the second with the hawk. A singer goes through both verses, then repeats the whole four times. Of the songs quoted below, two are from the origin myth and describe I'itoi's adventure.[2] A few others are part of an old cycle, of which the beginning and ending songs are noted. The ending song, however, has no distinguishing characteristic, and apparently its use as a finale was a matter of habit, not logic. The others form a cycle dreamed by a modern eagle killer in the order given.

*I'ITOI'S SONGS*

4. I feel myself great.
They ask me to kill the eagle.
Near Ventana Mountain
I lie.

I feel myself great.
They ask me to kill the monster woman.
Near Poso Verde
I stand.(19)

5. I am very great,
Therefore they told me
To kill the eagle.
From Iolikam I descend;
As a great man I sing.

I am very great,
Therefore they told me
To kill the eagle.
From O'otkam I descend;
Beneath it I sit,
And as a great man I think.(16)

*OLD CYCLE*

INITIAL SONG

6. The eagle taught me
The use of a bow.
Then I made a beginning.

[2] For Pima eagle songs see Russell, pp. 277–78, 289, 291–92, 306.

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The hawk taught me
The use of an arrow.
Then I made an end.(16)

7. I was drunk.
The wind blew hard.
(Archaic words)
Across a flowerless place
Of many winds
It took me.(16)

8. Reed Mountain stands up toward the west.
There an eagle cries;
The flat land resounds.

Baboquiviri stands up toward the east.
There a hawk cries;
The mountains echo.(16)

SONG OF A FEMALE EAGLE

9. Did you not treat me ill?
My beautiful child you took.
I am anxious;
All night I scream.(16)

FINAL SONG

10. A black-headed eagle
On a low rock
Flapped its wings.

A white-headed hawk
On a low rock
Descended.(16)

*CYCLE DREAMED BY A MODERN EAGLE KILLER*(16)

11. Eagle bird!
When he alights
There is a sound of thunder.

Hawk bird!
When he perches
There is a sound of lightning.

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## EAGLE KILLING

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12. Your feathers,
Eagle, my older brother,
Like a bow
In every direction, wavering, I throw.

Your down,
Hawk, my younger brother,
Like an arrow
In every direction I let fly.

*A caged eagle speaks.*

13. Eagle, little bird
In a circular shelter!
Under it he walks about.

Hawk, little bird
In a narrow shelter!
Under it he walks about.

14. In front of a black mountain
Eagle feathers are blowing about.

In front of a white mountain
Hawk feathers are blowing about.

15. Eagle, my older brother,
Like a bow, in every direction
I bend your long feathers.

Hawk, my younger brother,
Like arrows, in every direction
I let loose your down feathers.

16. Under the west
Many roads cross each other.
Beside them I see Eagle,
My elder brother.

Toward the east
Many roads cross each other.
Beside them I see Hawk,
My younger brother.

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17. I lay on the ground;
A man came.
What will he do to take me?

18. An eagle is walking;
Toward me it is walking.
Its long feathers blow in the breeze.

A hawk is running;
Toward me it is running.
Its down feathers ruffle in the wind.

19. On a rocky mountain
An eagle flaps his wings.
There I flap with him.

On a yucca-clad mountain
A hawk ruffles his down feathers;
There I ruffle with him.

*An eagle speaks.*

20. On a black rock I lit.
My beautiful long feathers
Are cut.

*A hawk speaks.*

On a white rock I jumped.
My beautiful white down feathers
Are rumpled.

*An eagle speaks.*

21. I died and lay here.
I got up and looked upon the ground;
The ground lay stretched out green.

*A hawk speaks.*

I fell and lay here.
I got up and looked upon the mountains,
The mountains stood up yellow.

The songs were over at dawn. The guardian handed the prayer stick to the eagle killer and directed him to go and take a cold

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bath, after which his ordeal would be over. Then the guardian distributed the remaining eagle feathers to the singers, who might use them for arrows or for trade.[4]

[4] Eagle killing is still practiced by individuals scattered over the reservation.

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## KIN BEHAVIOR

### The Group

571 602 The relationships of the ancient Papago, economic and social, were almost all within the kinship circle. "We love our relatives." "We would do anything for our relatives." "A purified scalp works for you like a relative." "We like to go to feasts *to see our relatives.*" [576 783] Address by the kinship term was the regular greeting, the regular form of applause and the final rite for receiving a neophyte back to daily life after purification. White residents, critical of Papago self-government remark: "A Papago elected to office will consider no one but his relatives."

596 609 Anciently, the only standardized relationships were within the extended family. People outside it should not be chosen as friends because they could not be relied on. Any exchange of gifts made with them should be in the nature of a trade, with full payment immediately and no credit. Even though near neighbors, they remained in an outer sphere unless they were judged desirable connections in a marriage alliance. Then they were investigated, approached and finally drawn within the active circle of kin, to have their share in companionship, service and gift exchange. 602 Within this kin circle, there were no rigid rules. Papago had no avoidances and no joking relationships. The marriage regulations were tempered with economic convenience. The particular group of kin to whom one owed constant duty was not the nearest in blood but the nearest geographically.

361 602 This pragmatic use of a kinship formula was in agreement with the Papago mode of life. Villages were scattered over an immense desert country where travel was difficult, because of the absence of drinking water and a relative removed to another village became almost inaccessible. But relatives close at hand must be a constant reliance. They were the people called on for cooperative labor in house building, ditch digging, planting, harvesting, spinning, arrow making. A family's actual existence might depend on cordial relations with them. "We would do anything for our relatives" had the connotation "And our relatives would do anything for us." The cordial relations were an economic investment

602 Such an investment was rarely made in non-relatives, since they could not be trusted to repay, having their own more intimate obligations. But a relative valued his kin status and would pay,

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were called by them in turn. Every one who worked received a share of the harvest commensurate, not with his work but with what the owner could spare. The more an owner gave, the higher his repute and the greater his assurance of getting service in his turn. For other activities, such as house building, the workers received only their meals but again they had the assurance of future help.

Work sharing may be considered the basis of the whole arrangement but the group having been formed for this purpose, was kept in running order by constant exhibitions of goodwill. These took the practical form of gifts and gifts of the one commodity which the Papago ever possessed in excess of their need: food.

When a hunter brought home a deer, he went to each main house and presented a portion proportionate to the size of the family there. If there were hunters in that house, his family would soon receive a similar gift: if not it would be any other food they could afford. But with such relatives, there was a distinct obligation not to cease giving even though there should be no return. The investment was a long term affair to be realized on in the future if not the present.

The women treated each other similarly. Whenever a special dish was cooked in one house. children would be sent around to carry portions of it to all the others. Some groups went so far that they interchanged such food gifts every day at the evening meal, the only heavy one. (App. I, 3 C and D. I. 8. C. D and E) "So you were never hungry. Even if you didn't cook one day, a dish would be sure to come in from some of the relatives." As the groups grew larger, not every house could be so treated. (I, 8, A & B). Then a woman would give regularly only to her husband's siblings (I. 3. A. 2; I. 7) with, perhaps, some old people who needed help. Or there might be family cliques and favoritism. (I. 3; I. 9). One woman, who happened to have both brothers and sisters nearby, "always gave to her brothers for she thought the sisters could cook for themselves." But even if certain families were not often included, a gift must be sent to them now and then to keep up good feeling. (I. 2. A; I. 4. A; I. 5. A).

The geographic group had ceremonial obligations as well as economic ones. Every Papago youth was expected to become a "ripe man" through the performance of certain ceremonial acts which conferred a blessing but also subjected him to supernatural dangers. In both danger and blessing the kin were thought to share and therefore, while the youth fasted and bathed to purify himself, the kin abstained from salt and bathed also. When I inquired what

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621 kin shared the hero's lot in this way, I was given an incredible list
783 extending, in some cases, to the above mentioned five removes — and on both the man's side and his wife's. Such wholesale purification would have disrupted the life of several villages but, on further inquiry, it appeared that those at a distance "felt the power would not reach so far." A second cousin, or even a third, living in the same village would "think it safer" to bathe and go saltless but a sister who was far away might take no precautions at all.

431 The same considerations applied to the gift giving. At the war
602 purification an elaborate dance was performed by paid dancers, the pay being furnished by the hero's kin. There were no stated obligations." "If his father had nothing to give, an uncle might do it all." Or even a "distant uncle" *if he lived near*. The underlying idea seems to be that this payment was an investment in blessing. The hero, when he became a "ripe man" would enjoy a material success, either as a hunter or as a paid singer and his neighboring kin would naturally share in the proceeds. The one who had given most would be repaid accordingly.

621 We have pictured the geographic group, selected by circumstance
602 and economic necessity, as the most important one. But the duties toward this group did not preclude relationships with other kin and these were kept up, often under great difficulties. Ties with the nearest kin, such as parents or children, were not allowed to lapse no matter what the distance and other relatives when they became neighbors, were immediately included in the gift giving circle. (I. 1. D; I. 4. B, I. 6. D. 2; I. 7. B. 2). But there was a general range of duties to be observed toward any class of relatives, geography permitting, and these may be taken up for each class separately.

593 SIBLING CLASS. Siblings were brought up in the same one-room
857 house but a sex distinction began very early. Boys followed the
[868] men, learning to hunt and to till the ground, girls kept with the women, gathering food, fetching wood and water, grinding corn and making baskets. The fear of the menstruating woman caused a separation between the two groups so that even husband and wife were seldom together during the day. Boys played together and, when they wanted more companionship, sought out their male cousins who generally lived near. Girls formed a group with their female cousins.

593 Between brother and sister as between the remoter "siblings" of opposite sex, there was a mild respect relationship. No brother and sister would stay alone in the house at night or be seen out together. Any sister had a special duty to prepare food for her brother, even

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796 431 syrup. These were reciprocated within the month with a sack of beans and a sack of wheat but later the same strangers gave presents again and a regular partnership was established.

Kuitatk to San Xavier (26)

Gift: A saddle (made of a straw-stuffed bag in the Papago manner) with two saddle bags, one filled with beans and one with corn. A coiled basket filled with seeds of the giant cactus (used to make flour).

Return: A horse with a leather Mexican saddle, a serape, a willow basket of chick peas and another of cooked tortillas.

Pima to Kuitatk (26)

Gift: A cotton sheet full of threshed wheat, a gray woolen blanket, a willow basket bowl filled with cooked squash.

Return: A two year colt, two plaited sleeping mats, a decorated clay pot containing about three gallons of cooked beans, a plaited tray bowl about a foot square filled with tortillas.

796 431 576 The etiquette of distribution was for the giver's wife to hand the goods to the wife of the recipient who would carry them home on her back. But the giver's wife often playfully chased her "opponent", pelting her with tortillas and syrup; a symbol, perhaps, of the enmity between the two villages which was now a joke. The giver placed the stick representing the name of his "opposite," in his corn bin, where it brought increase.

796 431 The use of a village name, in auspicious ceremonial circumstances, was always a service to be paid for by village residents. The special songs for rain were sung at the drinking ceremony, given at each main village for its whole unit but all visitors were invited to attend and share the blessing. If such a visitor heard the name of his own locality mentioned in the descriptions of the coming of rain clouds, he must provide a gift, for the mere singing of the name in such a connection would bring rain. Visitors used to come prepared with gifts but a recent one had nothing to hand over but his cowboy hat. The same principle holds in the curing songs, which describe the habits of the animal guardians. Any locality mentioned in the description will have blessing and its residents must show they are not stingy.

431 783 727 The second important occasion for ceremonial payments, was the purification of an Enemy Slayer. This man, during the sixteen days of his retirement, had a ceremonial godfather who called him by the same term used by a senior paternal uncle and who was, afterward,

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treated like an uncle in the matter of gifts. There were no clan, moiety or kin restrictions on the guardian's appointment. Here was another expedient for establishing relationships of trust with non-relatives.

The sixteen days of retirement were succeeded by a public ceremony when the Enemy Slayer was purified by the singing of men who had been through the same experience. They formed a kind of unorganized priesthood and were not paid. But the Slayer's weapons and, according to some, the scalp also, were purified by a special dance, performed by people of another village. The *kapetua* (leaping dance) was a graphic representation of a man in battle, performed with the warrior's own weapons. Any agile young man familiar with war technique was eligible to do it and groups of them habitually practiced. Women might follow them, carrying weapons and imitating their movements. A victory in war was often followed by intervillage games in celebration but even if it was not the time for this, all neighboring villages were invited to the purification ceremony "because the warriors suffered for all". Among them might be several men prepared to do the leaping dance. Paying the dancers was the duty of the hero's family and particularly those who formed part of his geographic unit and would share his honors and good luck. But a scalp brought into the village gave it rain and any villager who helped in the payment for this would have specially good luck with his crops.

One dance was performed for each Enemy Slayer, sometimes by the same performers, sometimes by different ones. After each dance the two leaders, who bore shield and club, should receive horses or cows (or a bit of manure representing them) while the others had lesser gifts. The hero's father and uncles should give the animals and any of them who could, provided the gift. "He didn't get anything back. Just good luck."

If the family could afford no animals, some one else would volunteer for the honor of the village, and probably be paid back in time by gifts from the family though the statement is that "he did not want anything. He did it for the village." It was at this time that the generous man got his reward "for if the hero's father had not been stingy, then everybody would help him make gifts "but otherwise, the provision would be meagre and the other villages would "talk about him and his son." This was disgrace.

The gifts collected were placed in two piles near the dance ground, one pile for men and one for women, and a man and woman of the hero's family were selected to distribute them. There follows a list from a ceremony at Kuitatk, about 1860. The hero, in this case,

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431 727 783 was a mature man, with no father to make his gifts and those contributing were:

Enemy Slayer: A horse, and a dressed buckskin
Enemy Slayer's younger brother: a horse, and dressed buckskin
Another younger brother: a willow basket
Another younger brother: a dyed cotton belt and a buckskin
Sister: a plaited mat and a willow basket.
Younger brother's son: a basket of corn and beans
Sister's son: a basket of corn and beans.
Children of the other siblings gave baskets of food. There were a few gifts from villagers not remembered. (26)

525 After this ceremony and after the intervillage games described above, there was always gambling: the occasion *par excellence* for exchange of goods on a large scale with people who were otherwise strangers. The Papago had no public markets and the people who had opportunity to travel for trade were comparatively few. But, for the intervillage games, several villages might move bodily to one spot taking with them all their worldly possessions to bet on the games. This formed one of the principal occasions for distribution of goods and it was often by this means that Mexican knives and cloth found their way to the northern villages and American goods to the south.

The games played have been described under another heading, but the method of exchange may be noted. The Papago used, for matching bets, a word which means literally "to meet" and they matched the stakes article by article. If a buckskin shirt was bet on one side, a shirt of equal value must be found among the stakes on the other and the two tied together. Baskets, pots and skins must be placed two and two. Horses and cattle must be in the same corral but since it was at some distance from the racetracks, pieces of manure were tied together to represent the animals. When the games were over, the winner took both articles. Beside the public games, there was a great deal of private betting constantly going on, between women and men alike. It was no uncommon thing for a person to be stripped of everything he owned and the ceremonial aura which hung about all games thus lent sanction to a movement of goods which might not have taken place otherwise, among people with so little surplus for trade.

### RECENT CHANGES

178 The above system of economics prevailed in the childhood of present old informants. At that time, two gradual changes were going on. The disturbed condition of Mexico was causing movement

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726 nearby, and the rest, as they were wounded with the poisonous herb, died along the trails.[1]

The "Pimas" here spoken of were the Sóba Jipuris who later became amalgamated with the people of San Xavier. There was probably a good deal of cultural difference between these agricultural eastern people and the western nomads whose unwillingness to fight was noted even by the Spaniards.[2]

### PURIFICATION

783 727 The Spaniards, although they mention the scalp dance, say nothing of the arduous process of purification which constituted a killer an Enemy Slayer. The central idea of this seems to be that the enemy and all his possessions were dangerous. Contact with them, even though it was victorious, put a man in touch with supernatural power which could destroy him unless he fasted and dreamed in order to learn to handle it.

Therefore a man who had killed an enemy left the fight immediately. He blackened his face, fasted and used a scratching stick and kept away from the others until he was ritually purified. According to one informant, it was possible to avoid the ritual of becoming an Enemy Slayer, if one were willing to take the risk and waive the privileges it involved. Some men "like to fight but didn't dream much." These might ignore the killing of an enemy or turn the prerogatives of a Slayer over to another man. The idea of contamination attached also to a Papago wounded by the enemy. He must be segregated and go through the same purification as a Slayer. This was true even of a wounded woman.

"Once the Apache stabbed a woman at Field Pond. The Papagos had had the drinking ceremony and this woman's husband had stabbed her while drunk. The woman ran away to where the Water Whirls Around but her husband followed her on a mare and got her to come back with him.

West of the Place of the Dead Dog they passed a mesquite tree and some Apaches leaped out. The horse shied, the woman fell off and the Apaches stabbed her. However, they did not kill her.

She was then taboo just like a wounded warrior or an Enemy Slayer. She could not be taken into the village, but the Papagos built a fire and an old woman, the wife of an Enemy Slayer, came out to take care of her. Then they built a shelter and the old woman stayed with her for sixteen days." (19)

786 727 Dead comrades and all their possessions must be burned, not buried as was the usual custom. Dead enemies must not be touched

[1] Bolton, 1919, 1, p. 179. [2] Doc. Hist. III, v. 4, p. 892.

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except by one who had been through the purification of an Enemy Slayer or who was about to go through it. But as many as liked might gather around and make comments on the dead enemy's appearance. Whatever they shouted would be used later as their own nicknames and such names were much prized. One man had the nickname Gold Breasts, because he had used this expression about a dead Apache girl. Another was called Big Ribs because of his comment on a man. 766 727 [551]

No booty could be taken. All enemy possessions must be burned by Enemy Slayers, qualified to touch it. There were two exceptions. Enemy women and children were sometimes captured, not to be adopted, but to be sold as slaves in one of the markets. They could bring nothing with them, however. All their clothes and possessions must be burned. [567]

Also, each killer took a trophy from his victim. This was originally the scalp and so it appears in the tales of Elder Brother's campaign. Later it was only a lock of hair or four hairs from each temple. These were subsequently tied up with beads and ornaments or made into an effigy of the enemy himself with Apache dress and weapons. After the warrior's purification this served him as a fetish which must be tended and which would, in turn, give him power. Some men did not take scalps at all but brought one article of clothing, such as a moccasin or belt. This object was purely ceremonial. It was not to be used but to be kept in a basket like the effigy. 727 778

The formalities after a fight have been given in detail in another place. They involved the segregation of the Slayers for sixteen days, during which they were tended and instructed by ceremonial godfathers who, ever afterward, were regarded as relatives and so adopted into the gift giving-circle. The wives of the godfathers tended the warriors' wives who were also secluded and made the new clay bowl and the olla for bathing water which was supplied to them each every four days. Meantime the warrior's relatives collected goods to pay the performers of the leaping dance which would purify his weapons on the final night of purification. 727 783

During the warrior's seclusion, the whole village danced around the scalp every night. It was finally purified on the last night by a leaping dance, performed by people of another village bearing the warrior's weapons and paid by his family. If the warrior were one of those particularly daring ones who fought with club and shield, a new shield was sometimes made for him on this occasion but this seems to have been optional. He sat through the purification of his weapons and finally was, himself, purified by the singing of other scalpers who, as mentioned before, had something the status of an

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727 783 721 778 [755] [828]

informal priesthood. Finally he was given the scalp, enclosed in a special ceremonial basket, like those which held the village arcana.

It was for this final reward that men really went to war. The safety of the village and the fact that a scalp brought it rain were stressed in speeches and were certainly the motive for a war party being ordered. But the individual had a definite emolument when he procured this trophy which would bring him luck ever afterward and which was a definite source of material income. The presence of the scalp and the songs learned during purification cured the scalp sickness which meant any nervous disorder or sexual excitement. Such things were thought to be akin to the madness of war and the warrior who had power over such madness could cure them and thus "feed himself."

His scalp trophy, as the saying was: "worked for him like a relative." The interpretation of his relationship with it was that he had taken it into his family. He now had to "feed" it with tobacco and eagle down, and, according to some, talk frequently to it, telling it his plans. It would reciprocate, as relatives did with that which it had to give, *i. e.* power in war and general good luck. But if he neglected it, the gift would not be made: the scalp would cease to be a relative and would do him harm just as it did to the uninitiated.

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ceedingly afraid of it and the woman helper wrapped it so that they would not see it. Then they picked it up with sticks and dropped it into the hole. 844

After the birth, mother and child remained in the segregation hut for a month. The mother must eat no salt until the end of the umbilical cord fell off, or the child's navel would get sore. The best food for her was gruel of cactus seeds or mesquite beans, which was thought to make her strong. She must not wash for the whole month or she would have rheumatism. According to one informant, her husband at this time used separate dishes which at other times were kept outside the house (26). The wife in the segregation hut used the same dishes she had at menstruation. 846

"When the moon had come back to the same place", she and the husband and child went through a purification ceremony. They went at dawn to a shaman who made a specialty of this ceremony and of child naming. He drew a circle on the ground and placed the mother in it with her back to the east. She held the child. The father, according to some informants, sat in the circle with her (26), according to others, on a cross marked to the south of the circle (1), or simply on the ground outside. 846 783

The shaman kept a special kind of yellow clay found mostly in Sonora. He scraped a little from the dried ball in which it was kept; mixed it with water and pounded owl's feathers and stirred it with an owl's feather. He "cleansed" the parents by dusting them off with his shaman's plumes. Then, carrying the bowl of clay and singing, he walked back and forth four times, from west to east, toward the mother and the rising sun (26), or around the circle (1). Then he had both parents and child drink from the bowl, the order varying, according to different informants. If the baby would not drink, the shaman drank a little and spat it into the baby's mouth. Then he gave the child a name which had no connection with the parents or their families, but referred to something he had dreamed. Such names were often poetic, as Boiling Wind, Hawk over Water, Dawn Singing. [553]

The woman was now considered cleansed and might go back to the family home with the baby. The shaman was paid a basket or some food.

The omission of the ceremony would make both parents and child sick. An unmarried mother must hold it, but without the father. A divorced woman went through it with the baby, while her husband went through it separately. If a woman went through it with her husband, when he was not the baby's father, the husband might die. [753] [848]

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end of one line danced the song leader, any man who knew the puberty cycle. He held a rattle in his right hand while his left arm was across the shoulders of the girl. His wife danced opposite.

The lines went with a running motion toward each other and then back wheeling a little so that they finally covered a complete circle. There was no fire: "We got warm dancing." They danced through the night and at midnight were given a meal of succotash by the girl's family. The girl was expected to dance all of every night, though the other dancers came and went. In the course of a month or even of a night, there might be several singers, as one man got tired and another took his place. At the end of the month the girl made presents to all her girl friends who had danced often and "gone without sleep" with her. One informant said that when her dance was over, she had nothing left. She had given her deerskin dress, all her beads, her pots, sleeping mat and baskets (27).

"I got so thin, so thin! We girls are all like that at our puberty time. Running all day with the carrying basket and no rest. Before dawn that woman who taught me would come and say, 'Get up. Get water, get wood. Do you want to be lazy all your life?' So then we would go running, running over the mountains. When we got home, I slept a little. It seemed I had hardly shut my eyes before they were telling me, 'The dancers are here. Go out and dance.' I did not want to dance. I used to, when I was a little girl and watched them. But now I only wanted to sleep. But my father would say, 'Here comes the singer. Better go out or he'll drag you out. He's mean.'"[1]

The puberty ceremony, according to the oldest informants, was a time for promiscuity, (26, 27) which apparently had the connotation of fertility magic. It is one of the practises connected, in the myths, with the first inhabitants of the land and the reason why Elder Brother, the creator, offended these first inhabitants, was that he, an accomplished singer for the ceremony, used his privileges with girls beyond all bounds.[2]

At the end of the dancing period, the girl was given another bath at dawn and then she went to the shaman for cleansing. The rite was similar to the cleansing after childbirth. The shaman drew a circle on the ground, within which the girl sat, at the east with her back to the rising sun. The shaman stood facing east and walked

[1] In this dancing ceremony there is no suggestion of the "baking" which occurs in nearby California. However, tcuuwa, to reach puberty, and tcuuwam, girl at puberty, come from the same root as tcuwa, to bake.

[2] Cf. the Yuman reason for killing the creator: that he had raped his daughter. Kroeber, 1925, p. 790.

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four times up to her and back, each time blowing on the top of her head and brushing her off with his eagle plumes. He then mixed yellow clay in a basket bowl, stirring it with a feather and gave it to her to drink. After this he marked her with the feather dipped in clay, on heart, forehead, right arm, left arm. Some shamans then gave her a new name which was, like the name for a baby, anything he had dreamed. It would seem, since this name came at the end of the purification period that it should have been used, not during that period, but permanently. But informants said that they were usually called by their old birth names. One woman who had been named at puberty cha-wila (untranslatable) had never used the name at all.

The shaman was paid with some small gift like a basket and the girl was free to mingle with people again. At her following menstruation period she must again use the scratching stick, but after that it was not required. She must always go to the menstruation hut for four days and must use the dishes kept there, not touching those of the family. One informant said that, when a woman was married, her husband must also use separate dishes during her period. These were kept outside the house and only brought in when necessary (26).

The same informant, who had not menstruated for a year after her puberty dance, suddenly menstruated again after marriage. It was thought necessary that both she and her young husband should be "danced" and then purified. They danced for a month but since the husband also was concerned, she did not go to the menstruation hut. Both remained in the family house and observed continence.

In the life of a woman after puberty, conscientious segregation once a month ranked as the chief virtue. Chastity was scarcely stressed at all in comparison and even industry took second place. Since knowledge of her state rested entirely with the woman, she had opportunity to conceal it and personal narratives abound in tales of the dire consequences of such an act.

"There was a girl in our village who became dangerous and she did not tell. One day all the village was planting in her father's field and he had given them a meal of succotash. They were eating out in the field; her mother was cooking over a campfire. It began to rain. This girl and her sisters ran home to take in the bedding because we sleep out-of-doors in summer and it was on the ground. There was a crash of thunder. All the eating people stood still and then from the house of that girl they heard a long sigh. They ran there. All the sisters were lying stunned on the floor, one was blind

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power. He spoke to them, telling them how they would dream. I do not know what he said to them. Old men know that—old Killers. Even a Slayer's woman like me is not told. But my father told me the end of every speech he made because it was always the same:

Verily, who desires this thing?
Do not you desire it?
Then learn to endure hardship.

One morning we heard shouting. It was the messengers from the war party, two men who had been sent ahead on the fastest horses. They were far outside the village, standing up in their stirrups and yelling:

One Ear —— has killed!
Ridge Face —— has killed!
The Gambler —— has killed!

The last one was my father. They called the name of his brother too, but it was words you white people do not like to say, about peoples' bodies.

We heard them far off, over and over again in a loud sing-song, and everyone came outside to listen to know if we now belonged to the families of Enemy Slayers.

My mother had a basket of corn kernels in her hand; she was going to grind flour. But when she heard the shout she set it down and just stood there. Then Leaf Buds came running to our house. She just motioned to my mother to come with her. My mother did not speak to us, and she did not take anything with her; just her cotton blanket to put over her head, because the wife of a man who is being purified must not see the sun. The husband of Leaf Buds was building a shelter for my mother, out away from the houses. He had to run to do it as soon as he heard the shouts. Until it was done, my mother went to Leaf Buds' house and sat there with her blanket over her head, not speaking. They did not make us children do anything, because children cannot stand the suffering of being purified. But my grandmother called us into the house and told us to stay quietly there. She gave us sticks to scratch our heads with so we would not use our hands and make our hair fall out. She told us not to speak much and never to go near the fire.

So we could not go out to see the men come in. The young girls whose men were not Enemy Slayers ran out to meet the fighters, far into the mountains. Ah, that is a good dance. I did it myself, at other times when there was no Power in the family. The girls stand across the warriors' path and take their weapons from them. They take arrows and quivers and bows,

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yes, clubs and shields. And they dance with them in front of the men. They dance and they sing with those weapons, and they will not give them back until the men have paid them. 159x 727

We heard those girls run out, the girls who could run far. And when the men came near we saw the old woman go dancing out; the woman who takes the scalps. Foamy Water was her name; a woman who could not menstruate and hurt those powerful things. She took it when she was old enough from her mother who was called Painted Girl, because Painted Girl was so old she could not dance any more. [888]

But Foamy Water danced hard. They gave her the hair of the Apache, not scalps, just long hairs from the temples, and they gave her his beaded buckskin shoe. They had tied those things on a pole, and she came dancing with it into the village, dancing at every house. She came outside our house making the pole go up and down. She sang: 159x 727 887

[533]

Here I stand, singing for my prisoner
Come and see, Oh, women!
I dreamed that I saw light
At the tips of the warriors' feathers.

Then she stuck the pole in front of the council house and all the people went there to hear about the fight. It is the two messengers who tell that story before the fighters come, and sometimes after they tell about the killing, they end up: "But they got some of our men." Then they tell how they made a fire and burned up the dead men with everything they had. Because we dare not bury a man who died in the enemy's country. We must have fire to take away the power of the Apache. [766]

We thought if anyone was dead we would hear the crying. So my grandmother listened; she knew the women's voices. But there was no crying. So my grandmother cooked us our food, and she did not put any salt in it, because we were being purified. I sat by the house wall away from the fire and I was cold. I heard the men who had not killed come into the village, yelling and whipping their horses, and I heard everybody singing at the council house, stamping up and down: 159x 727 [563] 783

Poor crow. There it hangs. Poor crow. [533]

They sang that way every night for all the days of purifying. It is a good thing to have the enemy's hair raised on a pole above our houses. It calls the clouds to it and brings rain on our land, and then the corn comes up. But those who have brought the blessing cannot dance. Not they and not their families. Leaf Buds' husband went out to meet my father and led

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him to a mesquite tree far away so that his power would not come near us. He hung his bow and arrows on that tree, and my father sat down under it. So! Do you see? With legs under him and his head on his breast. So our powerful men always sit waiting for a vision. And visions always came to my father.

I did not know
I did not know
And then I knew.

That was what he sang, all alone in the night.

Alas!
Something I know
Clearly I know
I killed an Apache woman
She was crying.

And now light has come to me.

That is the song the Killers have sung since the first one killed an enemy woman. It says that the light has come and told them how to purify themselves.

We did not go near my father. That would have made us sick. And we could not go near my mother in her shelter of branches. But we used to run behind the house and watch when she came out once or twice a day with the sheet over her head so the sun should not see her.

We saw Leaf Buds working all the time making pots. She was a good potter. That was one reason my father had chosen her husband to take care of him, for many bowls are used while a person is being purified. Leaf Buds made new clay bowls, and in one of them she took pinole to my mother, and her husband took another to my father. Every four days the bowl had to be thrown away because it had too much of the power, and she had to have a new one ready. That was the woman who worked hard! She had to make two great jars, new so that they would keep the water cool, and in them she and her husband had to bathe my mother and father every four days. They poured that water over their heads while they sat still, arms folded. It takes a great deal to wash off that power and make it fit to use.

My grandmother bathed us children. She came with the jar at dawn and I ran away around the house. It was cold. She caught me and made me sit facing the west with my arms folded, just like my father. Then she poured it over my head and said: "Now you'll be early rising and industrious. You'll go early for water and wood." She poured it over my brothers

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28



too, and said to them: "Now you'll be a good runner, a hunter, able to stand cold and hunger. A Killer!" Those are the things that come to us, the families of the powerful. 159x 727 783

The rest of our family were getting ready for the dance. All the old Enemy Slayers were going to sing for my father to take him back again when the four times four days were over. My grandmother boiled big pots of dried corn and dried squash and succotash, to give those singers food. [352] All my father's sisters and the wives of his brothers made tortillas. The young women of our family brought wood for the dance fire. My father's brothers counted how many cows and horses they could give to the dancers. Our family did not have much because our men were always fighting. They were brave.

At sunset, when the four times four days were over, the people came to the dance place. Then they brought my father and the Enemy Slayers and us, too. They did not take us to the fire. Far away in the cold they dug four little holes and there the Slayers sat, facing east. Behind them there were holes for their wives. They must sit up all night, straight and not move. They had stakes driven into the ground behind them so they could lean back a little when they were too tired. My grandmother sat with us children far away in the dark. 159x 727 783 535

The people went around the fire singing. [533]

Kill the Apache, kill the Apache!
Dry the skin, dry the skin!
Soften it, soften it!
Hang it up, hang it up!
A-a-a-a-a-a-h!
There are still some Apaches left.

I could not hear the songs that night when my father was a Slayer but I know them now, for I learn well. I learn everything that the men sing.

The people stopped going around, and a man came into the middle to dance the warrior's dance. Only a young man can do that dance. He holds the shield and a club, and first he leaps to one side and then to the other as though the enemy's arrows were flying at him. Then he leaps up and lets them pass under him. Behind him, other young men, or maybe women, if they are strong and wild, take bows and arrows and leap as he does. The singers sing for them.

Sitting with my back against the dawn [533]
I got drunk, my younger brothers.
I met the white wind and it drove me mad.

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28



Four young men danced. To each, one of my father's brothers came up and put a piece of manure into his hand. First it was from a cow and then another cow, and then a horse and another horse. That was what my family gave to men who leaped in the war dance. It made them (my family) poor.

Then the old warriors began to sing for the Slayers, because the Pleiades had come to the top of the sky and it was midnight. They sang very secret songs that had come to them when they themselves were purified. Then they lit a long cane cigarette, such as our people used to use, and went and blew the smoke over the new Slayers. They spoke to them as relatives, taking them back again. "Hail, my younger brother. Hail, my nephew. Thus I do to you. You will be like me. You will be a great Killer. You will always find the enemy. You will be hunger enduring, cold enduring, thirst enduring. Thus you will live well." I could not see all this. They made me stay in the dark with my grandmother. But my father told me afterward, for I am a woman to whom a man can tell solemn words and she will remember them well.

Then they took my father out in the dark before the morning came and bathed him again, and they bathed us, too. Then we were purified and we could have the Apache scalp in our family to work for us like a relative. All the time that my father was being purified a woman had been making a basket, the kind that we use only for scalps and other sacred things. My father's guardian had taken the Apache hair and made it into a little man. He could touch Apache hair because he was a Slayer and it would not make him sick.

That little man had a buckskin shirt with fringe, like an Apache, and a feather in its hair and little moccasins. The guardian brought it to my father in the basket. My father was not afraid of that enemy's hair. He said to it: "My child." Then he gave it to my mother and she took it in her arms and said: "My child." He gave it to my brothers and my sisters and me. We held it and said: "My younger brother." Then it was in our family and it would always help us. My father laid it in the basket and all around it he put eagle feathers which are powerful. He put in tobacco and he said: "This is your house, my child." Then he wrapped that basket in deerskins and hung it in the thatch and we had Power.

## III

My younger brother was going to be a medicine man. We knew it from the time he was very little, because sometimes he would fall over as if he was dead. Sitting in the house with us, he would fall over. Or when he was

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936

NU28 Papago NU28



said: "Come and get firewood. Do you want to grow up a lazy woman?" 159X 881
So then I went out in the dark to pick up the dead branches and bring them back before I slept. It seemed I slept only an hour before they were saying: "Get up! Get water. Get wood. Grind the corn. If you sleep at this time you will be sleepy all your life."

Oh, I got thin in that time! We girls are like strips of yucca fibre after our coming of age is over. Always running, and mostly gruel and ash bread to eat, with no salt. And dancing every night from the time the sun sets until morning-stands-up. I used to go to sleep on Luis' arm and he pinched my nose to wake me. [262]

Every night they came, the people who were not too sleepy from the night before. And always the young people came. Even Luis did not know songs enough for all that month and other men sang, too. It is a nice thing for a man to know maidens' songs. Every man likes to dance next to the maiden and to hold her on his arm. But Luis was an old man and his wife danced opposite. The wife always does.

At last the moon had come around again and they gave me a bath. It was over. I looked like half of myself. All my clothes were gone. All our dried corn and beans were eaten up. But I was grown up. Now the medicine man could cleanse me and give me a name. 159X 881 783

You have to be cleansed as soon as the month is over; you must not wait. A cousin of mine did that once. She meant to be cleansed but she just waited. I think, perhaps, she did not have anything to pay the medicine man. But while she waited, one of her brothers was chopping wood. Something fell on him like a hot coal and killed him. So I went the day after my bath.

My mother and I went to the house of the medicine man early in the morning, with a big basket my mother had made, to pay him. He drew a circle on the ground and made me sit in it, crosslegged, with my back to the rising sun. In front of me he put a little dish. Then he walked away where we could not see him and took something out of a little deerskin bag. It was the clay that he carries to charm the evil away from women. No one ever sees the medicine man dig up that clay and no one knows how he mixes it. But I know, because my brother was a medicine man and because I myself have seen things. He grinds up the bone of a dead man and some owl feathers so that they are fine dust. [753]

He put that clay in a tiny bowl before me, mixed with a little water. Then he walked up and down four times, facing the sun that was behind me. Every time he came up to me he blew over my head and dusted me off with his eagle feathers to brush away the evil. And every time he turned,

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
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he made a noise like an owl: hm. The fifth time, he took up the bowl of clay and stirred it around with a little owl feather that was standing in the center of it. Then he put the clay to my mouth. "Drink this up!" So I drank it all.

Then he marked me, the sacred marks that are put on the men who have got salt from the magic ocean; the marks that take away bad luck and bring you a good life. On my breast, on my shoulders, my back, and my belly.

"Your name shall be cha-veela." I did not know before what name he was going to give me; neither did my parents. The medicine man names one from his dreams. Some of my friends had names that could be understood like Leaf Buds, Rustling Leaves, Windy Rainbow, Dawn Murmur. But I have never understood my name and he did not tell me.

After all that work, I did not menstruate again for a year!

## VI

My father said to me: "Look, my girl. We are going to marry you, over at that house."

He did not say the boy's name out of modesty, just motioned with his lips eastward down the valley. The place he meant was Where the Water Whirls Around, where I went with my clay jars every time our pond went dry. I knew every house there and the people in them. I knew who the marriageable young man was. It was the medicine man's son. I had never spoken to him; I had never spoken to any young men except relatives and of course we do not marry relatives. But my breasts were getting large, now. That is how we know when a girl should marry. "They ought to be used for something," we say.

So my father and mother had been consulting. It must have been when I was asleep at night for I had not heard them. They had decided on a man to ask and then my father had sent my mother to tell my aunts and uncles about it. They all approved. They had not told the boy yet. That is done last of all. But of course no man would refuse, even if he already had a first wife. It would not be polite.

My father went on talking to me in a low voice. That is how our people always talk to their children, so low and quiet the child thinks he is dreaming it. But he never forgets.

"We want you to behave yourself as we have always taught you to. Stay there in the right way. Don't wait for your mother-in-law to tell you what to do. Get up early, find wheat, grind flour. If you can't make tortillas, have flour ready for her to make them. You stay right there and make

5: Castetter & Bell N-5 (1938-1940) 1942
NU28 Papago NU22
Pima NU29



work I undertake I may accomplish easily through your power."

Both Papago and Pima regarded tobacco smoke as a purifying agent possessing definite curative properties, and smoking was believed to clear one's mind so that he could think better. The shaman, while singing for a patient to ascertain the cause of illness, paused at regular intervals to smoke and puff it over the patient as a means of cleansing or driving out the causative agent, the idea of prayer also being associated with the smoking. The shaman did not grow tobacco for himself; he either hunted wild tobacco or it was given to him, as the Pimans held their shamans in high regard. A Papago man who had come into contact with the supernatural by killing an enemy or an eagle, or by joining the salt pilgrimage, needed to be purified by a period of segregation and fasting. When this period was ended, older men who had gone through the same experience sang a series of ritual songs. Then each separately approached the novice and blew tobacco smoke over him, this portending success for his future.[9]

Smoking was essential while holding the ceremony for rain, and this was done by shamans, whose special task it was to see that the ceremony was held once a year (see fig. 5). They got together for four days and smoked, and their helpers danced. While smoking, these men searched for rain clouds and called on them to come. It was the office of this class of shamans to make it rain, and rainmaking was not a function of the general population.

[9] Castetter and Underhill, *op. cit.*, pp. 76-7.

6: Densmore E-5 (1920) 1929NU28 Papago NU28



X533 *Analysis.*—Attention is directed to a comparison of the rhythmic units in this song. An hypnotic effect is produced by repetitions of rhythm that are almost but not quite alike, so these units are interesting in connection with the use of the song. It is also interesting to note the rhythmic completeness of the song as a whole.

X539 When she had finished singing she said, "This is all I will do for you. You may go, but I will know if anything serious happens to you." He went on and after a time he began to feel queer. He thought that it was the old man's power and said, "The old man knows I am coming and is making his medicine." Then he sang the song that the old woman had sung to make him invisible but changed the words slightly. There were four camping places, as there had been when he came, and he camped again where his father and uncle had camped, but they did not appear.

When he reached home he saw the old man sitting and he said, "All right, grandfather, we will gamble." The old man said, "I do not gamble with young people. I play with old people and win. I do not see how a boy like you could beat me." The boy kept teasing him to gamble and the old man kept on refusing. The boy had already sent his "head bamboo" up to the sky, and before it got back the old man had consented. The boy heard it coming down with a sound like a windstorm. The boy said, "It sounds as if we would have a windstorm." Then the bamboo came down on the old man's head and went right down to the ground. After the boy had killed his grandfather he took off the scalp and put it on a pole. He did not go near his mother. Then he started back and camped in the same places as before. He got to the old woman's house on the fifth day. When he arrived he did not know what to do. He put the scalp, fastened on a pole, beside the door; then he went in and sat down by the fire. The old woman turned over and saw the boy's clothing splashed with blood, so she knew that he had killed his grandfather. She went outside, took up the scalp pole and danced with it, singing the following song.

X533 This is the first *Limo* song that was ever composed. The first line refers to the successful warrior who must undergo an ordeal of purification, while the second line refers to the people who rejoice in his victory. The word *Limo* is here used with reference to the entire procedure that followed the return of the warriors. In definite use it indicated only the action that took place after they had completed their purification. (Cf. pp. 193–197.)

6: Densmore E-5 (1920)1929 NU28 Papago NU28



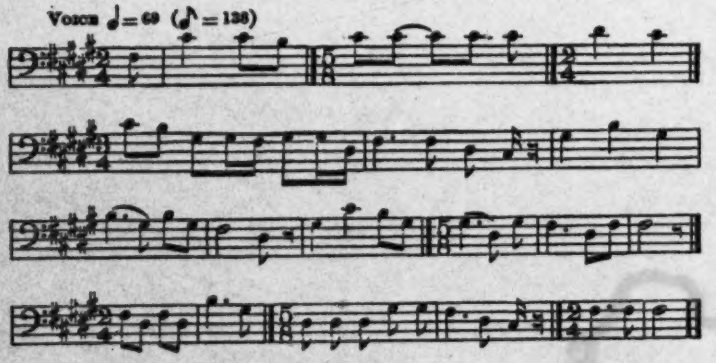
When the warriors approached the village the women, especially the relatives of warriors, went to meet them and receive the trophies they brought. The warriors danced on their way to the village, and on reaching the village they went to every house and danced. When this was finished they stopped until evening, when the scalp dance began. Captives, as well as scalps, were brought by the returning warriors, and the next song is concerning children taken captive among the Apache. The song has a dignity and pathos that are worthy of note.

727 [535]

**No. 135. "The Little Captive Children"** 533x

(Catalogue No. 1062)

Recorded by VICTORIA




TRANSLATION

Men shouting "brother," men shouting "brother,"
Among the mountains they have taken little Apache children where the sun went down in sorrow,
All women, what shall we do to realize this?

*Analysis.*—The words and idea of this song are so unusual that we look for some peculiarity in the melody. We find that almost half the intervals are minor thirds, though the song is major in tonality, and that about 19 per cent of the intervals are fourths, while the major third does not occur. The last two measures, preceded by a rest and containing no progressions, are an admirable expression of the appeal contained in the final words of the song.

Warriors who had been wounded were taken to a quiet place at some distance from the camp, where they remained four days. By the end of that time it was known whether they would recover. 727 758

The warriors who killed Apache were required to undergo an ordeal of purification called lustration, during which they endured even greater hardships than on the warpath, thus expiating the crime of 727 783

6: Densmore E-5 (1920) 1929NU28 Papago NU28



727 783 murder. The time of this ordeal was 16 days, divided into four periods of four days each. The entire time was called *Wowanda*, meaning "tying up." This term refers to the manner of putting the Apache scalp in a basket, which will be described. The warriors were taken to some secluded place and deprived of every comfort. They were allowed no warmth and no more bedding than when they were on the warpath. They could not even see a fire and a man who attended them was required to shield his cigarette so that they would not see its light. They wore their hair loose as though in mourning; were not allowed to scratch their bodies with their hands and were subject to many other rules. Each warrior was attended by a man of the tribe who brought him four pinches of pinole in a cup of water, morning, noon, and night, and also took him out for exercise every day. At first the attendant "walked the warrior" and then quickened the pace to a brisk run.

727 783 X533 Four songs of this period were recorded, the second and third being transcribed. These were addressed to the warriors by old men who had charge of them during their retirement. The idea of the songs is, "You need not be proud of having killed Apache, for your hardest test is yet to come." The words of the first song are:

Now we are going to learn something,
You say you are brave, you say you are brave,
Now we will learn whether you are brave,
You will train yourself to endure hardship,
All the tops of the mountains you will travel,
You will have very little food or bedding,
So we will learn whether you are brave.

A peculiar idiom occurs in the word "will travel," the word being the future tense, but the idea being that of a past action, referring to the recent experiences of the warrior.

It is said that a young man once complained of the treatment he was receiving and said to the old man in charge of the warriors, "You ought to treat us better; we are about sick." The following song contains the old man's reply.

6: Densmore E-5 (1920)1929 NU28 Papago NU28

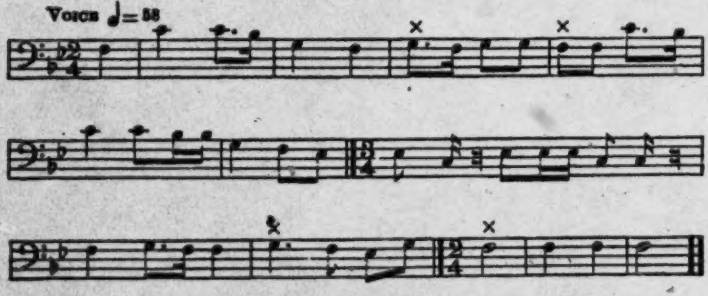


appear to have been more clearly defined than among other tribes under observation. The song had two sets of words, one of which appeared to be spoken by the Apache and the other by the pursuing Papago.

**No. 141. Song Concerning a Wounded Apache**

(Catalogue No. 1020)

Recorded by RAFAEL MENDEZ




WORDS

(First set of words, supposed to be spoken by the Apache)

Near sunset time I fall down,
Near sunset time I fall down,
I am going almost like a drunken man.

(Second set of words, indicating where war cries were given)

It is toward evening (yell), he falls (yell),
It is toward evening,
He falls, he staggers like a drunken man (yell).

*Analysis.*—This is an excellent example of a song on the first five-toned scale in which the third and seventh tones of the octave are omitted. A dotted eighth followed by a sixteenth note occurs frequently, and the song has the general effect associated with a five-toned scale. It begins and ends on the fifth, while the keynote appears only as an unaccented tone. The song is particularly vigorous except the final phrase, which is almost appealing. The triumphant yells of the warriors occur three times in the song.

The time required for the purification of Papago who had killed Apache was 16 days, the period being divided into four equal parts, as already described. On the evening of the sixteenth day the warriors bathed, braided their hair, painted their bodies, and went to the victory dance. This marked the beginning of the *Limo*, which lasted four days and was characterized by the final disposal of the Apache scalps. As the warriors advanced the people shouted and fired guns. Arrived at the place of the dance, the leader of the warriors took a shield and led the *Kapatowu* dance, jumping about

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28



In 1881: A relative became crazy, killed his wife with a knife, and then himself. 159 173

In 1882: First *fiesta* in Mexican fashion took place at a rancheria which formerly existed where at present the Indian Oasis is. (This means that the Indians of Arizona began to adopt the social gathering in use among the Mexicans, without imparting any religious importance to the festival. A fiesta among Mexicans always includes dancing, which, in our time, has been adopted by the Papagoes of Sonora, but generally not in Arizona. On the occasion related, the people danced one by one in a circle.)

In 1885: A visit to a Pima feast. Many singers went, and many others, all well dressed. [527]

In 1887: An earthquake in the "flowers disappear" moon. [133]

In 1889: The Pima took part in a dance in order to secure cattle. This was in the "dry grass" moon.

In 1890: A feast at San Xavier in the "dry grass moon."

In 1891: San Xavier Indians came to dance at Kvitatk (near the "Pump-house" near Horseshoe).

In 1893: A foot-race at Kvitatk in "inner bone" moon (winter). The racers starting in the middle of the day, ran as far as Santa Rosa, returning at dark (about 8 P.M.). [526]

In 1897: Foot-races at Áktjin.

In 1898: Two nephews put in prison in Yuma for smuggling mescal brandy.

In 1899: Two relatives imprisoned in Tucson for stealing cattle.

In 1901: He was isolated at Tucson on account of small-pox in the family. [164]

In 1902: A foot-race at Tjeavólitak.

In 1903: A foot-race at Kvítatk.

In 1904: The purification of girls in the winter. [783]

In 1907: His friends put in jail for fighting at a sahuaro feast at Kvítatk.

In 1908: Many Papagoes that were attending the fiesta of San Francisco in Magdalena, Sonora, were imprisoned for resisting the Mexican authorities when being pressed into military service to fight the Yaqui. A chief from San Xavier went down to Magdalena and helped them to get out.

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28



783 411 Next morning I had an appointment with the Keeper of the Smoke. Some days before he had promised to make for me a shield of the same kind as the Papagoes until quite recently were in the habit of making when going on the war-path against the Apaches. As this is a solemn act, which entails much fasting and praying on the part of the maker, and also as it would mean, according to Indian notions, certain risks and observances on my part, we had agreed on a meeting at which I should be enlightened as to my duties and dangers in the matter.

Accompanied by Pablo I arrived at the medicine lodge at the appointed hour, which was "a little after the sun is over the horizon." We found the keeper sitting under the jacal in front of the lodge and facing the east. He was a stern, almost fanatical-looking Indian who conscientiously observes all the rules and regulations his religion imposes on him. There was no English or Spanish about this man. "I do not do things from hearsay," he began. "Every evening I make a fire east of the jacal (in the winter it would be inside the lodge) and tell the people what I know to be the truth. In this house I tell the people what to do, and this is the place where any undertaking should begin."

783 789 756 He spoke for nearly an hour. The shield he would make alone, and the proper precautions would be taken, but he wanted to be assured that I would not trifle with it, and that I should help in its making by fasting. "People have sold you clown's masks and singer's masks," he continued; "that is very wrong, and should never have been done. The merit of the feast passes away with

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28



those things. They ought to be returned, but I am not going to ask you to do that, because the things have been paid for, so it would not be right to have the bargains changed. But I want to tell you one thing which you probably do not know. Those objects are apt to make you ill, and when that happens, do not blame the Indians!"

When the time came for me to answer, I reassured him on the several points that caused him anxiety. The things I had acquired were going to be well cared for. I expressed my pleasure at the elucidation his talk had given me, and told him that I should like much to have another meeting with him by and by. He believed in me, he answered, and would meet me here again later on, but at present he was too busy making ready for the sahuaro feast which was soon to come off. He was glad to see me among his people, he added.

Next day, availing myself of the permission already obtained, we again visited the "cemetery" as well as other sacred spots in the neighborhood. I was shown the place where the elder men, sitting in a circle, make the small, bright blue prayer-sticks for the great harvest festival. One end is pointed, and to the other is tied a turkey feather; about two hundred and fifty of these are distributed at the feast in the interest of health, and some are buried later, to keep the fields moist.

The shrine of the buried jar is situated at the crossing of two tracks, one leading to the "children's cemetery," which is west of it. It is customary for those who visit the latter place also to call here and deposit some

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
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317 hundred meters in diameter and at long intervals covered by the sea, is still popular also with many Papagoes north of the boundary line. Their expeditions pass La Nariz, Espuma, and Chujubabi, and the time to go there is in April and October. Sometimes there is no salt found, when those Indians who are in the habit of visiting there come to the Pinacate salina.

[484 721] 317 ●783 The expeditions to the salt deposit, where we had our present camp, used to consist of thirty or forty men—"as many as when going to fight the Apaches," to use the expression of the most prominent leader of these expeditions to-day, whom I met at Santa Rosa in Arizona. In this case, however, they are all unarmed. On the road to [261] and from the salina the Indians eat and drink very little, their only food being pinole, a handful to each, three times a day, eaten in the morning before the start, at noon, and in the afternoon. It is mixed with water, and whatever little may stick to the cup after its contents have been eaten is buried in a hole made in the ground. Nobody drinks water without permission; they wait until the leader tells them to do so, and drink only when told to stop on the march. The party travels very silently, only elderly men who have undertaken the journey before talk, and nobody turns around either on the journey out or on the return. No member of the expedition can scratch himself unless he uses for the purpose a special implement made from a twig of the greasewood.

In the evenings going and coming they receive instructions from the leader concerning the care that must be

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
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taken both in the gathering and loading of the salt as well as in ceremonies and sacrifices. They smoke tobacco and they all pray to the sun and the sea for health, long life, and for rain.

Only toward midnight do they go to sleep. The leader carries with him six small sticks, pointed at one end, but without the usual plumes, to deposit in different localities, one in each of the two places where water is found on the long trip, one at an ancient waterhole, one in the salt, one "where the sea used to be," and another is thrown into the sea, which sometimes does not accept it if there is menstruation in the leader's house. He has also three cobs of corn of abnormal growth, flat and deformed and called by the Indians "flat-head corn." The first evening on the road he takes grains from these, four each time, chews them, and then spits into the mouth of every horse to make it strong. Some meal ground from the same kind of corn-cobs is carried along to be sacrificed to the sea.

They arrive early in the day. After having hobbled their horses each man takes off his clothing and places a breech cloth around his loins, and they all walk in a line down to the salt, the leader following, carrying a prayer-stick. Those who have not been there before run four times in the slough over the salt deposit, the others twice. Quite a distance is covered and some do not return until nightfall. When my informant, the old leader, was young, he used to run on such occasions what would be equivalent to sixteen miles. When the race is over every one rubs his chest, arms, legs, face, and hair with salt and then has his

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
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handful of pinole, whereupon the salt is spread out to dry. The party next moves down to the sea; going into it up to their knees, each man carries corn-meal in his left hand and, watching for the waves, throws one pinch of it, caught with all fingers, on each of four successive waves. He bends forward when a high one comes lest it might throw him on his back, which is a bad thing as it would make him ill. They do not indulge in any sea bathing, for the ocean is too clean to allow them to soil it, they reverently say.

Toward sunset the salt is gathered in sacks, about one hundred pounds in each, two of these making a load. Great care is taken that no salt be spilled on the road as this would bring about some misfortune. Every one takes back with him a piece of silicious sponge which is found on the beach and which is kept carefully from year to year. This is considered a good remedy for external use. But the leader may take a bite of it, chew it, fill his mouth with water, and spray this through his lips on the men. Members of a salt expedition learn new songs on the trip and they say they dream them while asleep. Among the gifts of the sea may be a beautiful wife, luck in hunting, or swiftness in foot-races. After their return they must stay away from their houses from ten to sixteen days. A good deal of their time is spent in singing to the accompaniment of rasping sticks, and after having taken a bath every fourth day the man is able to join his wife again. According to accounts of fifty years ago* the Papagoes supplied Tucson

* See California Notes, Fourth Series, in *California Farmer*, 1863.

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
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one aided by the magicians. Inure yourself to the cold while yet a boy. Fight not at all with your comrades; preserve your strength for the combat with the Apaches; then, if brave, will come to you high honor. Be unselfish or you will not be welcome at the fire of the friendly; the selfish man is lonely and his untended fire dies. Keep your peace when a foolish man addresses the people. Join not in his imprudent counsellings. Above all, talk not foolishly yourself. Bathe in the cold water of the early morning, that you may be prepared for the purification ceremony after killing an enemy!"

When an Apache campaign was decided upon, there was much preparation for the fray, and the feasts and ceremonies connected with the return of a victorious party were among the most elaborate, foot-races and gambling forming a part. If the Apaches killed some of the Papagoes, the former were believed to take the clouds away, so the Papagoes had to go and kill some of them in order to bring the clouds back. Sometimes the Apaches would be discovered in a week, and sometimes a whole month would pass before the encounter. The provisions consisted of pinole; bows and arrows, lances and clubs were the weapons, and almost every one of the party had a shield. The Apaches have been credited with a superstition about fighting at night, and the Pimas at least are said to have used this disinclination to their advantage. On returning, those who had killed Apaches had to stay away from their houses and bathe early in the morning before sunrise four times at intervals of four days. One man was appointed to pro-

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727 vide them with water and food, of which they partook
•783 sparingly. Meat and salt were forbidden. He would come by night and they would smoke tobacco together. The first night was spent in dancing. After sixteen days' seclusion in this manner, the feast would come off, but the dieting and abstention on the part of the slayers lasted sixteen days more. If a man had killed an Apache before, he did not need to go so far away from the house or be so rigorous in his diet as the inexperienced young man.

702 Sham battles used to be a prominent feature in the
716 social life of the Papago. The last one was given five
536 years previous to my visit to Ánekam in the Santa Rosa valley and there was some talk of having one again in the near future. In these sham battles dummies of straw are placed in the mountains, sometimes at a distance of a two days' excursion. In the evenings before the attack the men sit for a while in a large circle, their weapons lying in the centre, but they soon disperse around the different fires to sleep, while some of them watch. Somebody goes ahead and makes a big fire near the dummies, and the attack begins at dawn. Four men have been chosen to kill the dummies, only one, who leads, carrying a shield; they all have feathers attached to their hats or to specially made leather caps.

On their return there is dancing for four nights and singing; the dancing is similar to that of the sahuaro feast. Some of the men, who are well paid by general contributions, play the part of those who kill Apaches, imitating their actions; one of them carries a shield and

349 and dyed buckskin, corn of ocotillo rods painted with dots,
532 and with soapweed leaves *(Yucca glauca)* attached to represent corn leaves. The same range of subjects was used to illustrate the visiting dance.

The effigies used for the wild crops represented sahuaro and prickly pear fruit *(Opuntia* sp.) and might be of red clay or of red ocotillo blossoms. An effigy mesquite bean was made of a twig (19).

293 Prayer sticks were made of catclaw *(Acacia greggii)*
778 upon which was tied eagle down *(Aquila chrysaetos)*, except for a special harvest ceremony at Quitovac in Sonora where it was "given" the people by Elder Brother to use turkey feathers *(Meleagris gallopavo merriami)*. Some prayer
[384] sticks were colored blue with soot from a fire of creosote bush *(Covillea glutinosa)*, the colored stick representing growing corn, the turkey feather the leaves (19).

Dancers at the harvest ceremony carried wands five feet long with bunches of eagle tail feathers at each end and in the middle. Individuals who had had curing dreams
[532] sometimes made fetishes to represent the animals which had taught them. Thus the horned toad *(Phrynosoma coronatum)* was often carved out of wood.

532 An enemy slayer had made for him an effigy of an Apache, using the hairs he had taken from the slain man's temples. The slayer's guardian if skillful contrived a doll of buckskin dressed in Apache costume and wearing the hair.

● 783 Tobacco smoke *(Nicotiana trigonophylla* and *N. taba-*
276 *cum)* was regarded by the Papagos as a purifying agent. The medicine man, while singing over a patient to "see" the cause of disease, paused regularly to smoke and blew the smoke over the patient as a means of cleansing.

The man who had come into contact with the supernatural by killing an enemy or an eagle, or by joining the salt pilgrimage, had to be purified by a period of segregation and fasting. When this period was ended, older men who had been through the same experience, sang a series of

17:Castetter & Underhill N.E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
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ritual songs. Then each separately approached the neophyte 783
and blew tobacco smoke over him, auguring success for his 276
future. In the case of a man who had killed an enemy, those who blew the smoke held in their mouths one of two roots, yerba mansa *(Anemopsis californica)* or an unidentified sweet-scented grass, according to the section of the tribe to which the neophyte belonged.

Corn meal was sprinkled on the sea during the cere- 788
monial expedition to secure salt. It was also sprinkled on the ground in front of the singers at the harvest dance. Finally, it was taken in the hand as an offering when a ceremonial favor was requested.

## GAMES

The Papagos played the usual games common to the 526
Indians of the Southwest (8). Kickball was played by men with a sphere of mesquite wood *(Prosopis velutina)* about the size of a modern croquet ball. Or the ball might be a pebble embedded in a sphere of mesquite gum. Women played double ball, a form of shinny, with a "ball" made of two hanks of agave fiber cord tied together with two inches of string. Or they might use two deer knuckle bones in the same way. The stick was a peeled wand of ocotillo, slightly curved at one end.

The game known as *kinyiskuhṭ* was like our parchesi, 524
played outdoors on a square the size of a room, marked out by stones and with smooth round stones as the moving pieces. Each move was decided by a throw of four dice. These were sections of giant cactus rib *(Carnegia gigantea)* about eight inches long with patterns marked with red clay and blue soot of creosote bush *(Covillea glutinosa)*. Women played dice with sticks made from the split halves of ironwood sticks *(Olneya tesota)*. The convex side of each was blackened with soot and the straight side left white. Each woman threw four and the score depended on the number of white and black sides which fell upward.